


COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

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YOUNG AMERICAN READERS

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THE YOUNG AMERICAN CIVIC READERS

COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

By

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FOREWORD

The social studies curriculum. In *Community Activities*, the second book of THE YOUNG AMERICAN CIVIC READERS, the authors have recognized that the following purposes enter into the selection and organization of material for classroom instruction:

1. To give pupils the truest and most realistic knowledge that is possible of the community, state, nation, and world in which they are to live and make their way.

2. To prepare pupils for promoting a wiser and more effective co-operation among regions, areas, individuals, groups, communities, and nations.

3. To develop a love of truth, an appreciation of the beautiful, a bent toward good, and a will and desire to use knowledge for beneficent social ends; in other words, to develop good character.

4. To train pupils in the intellectual processes indispensable to the functioning of society—skill in selecting and verifying facts, skill in exploring and stating social issues, and skill in discussing and weighing them.¹

Accordingly, *Community Activities*, because of its broad social implications, fits into the social studies curriculum. It does this through an entirely new content that stresses active participation of pupils as citizens *now*; it encourages the study and practice of civic duties through problems and exercises in everyday living based on actual happenings; and it presents a picture of modern

interdependence and the need for co-operation. Above all, it emphasizes good American citizenship and character through practice rather than precept.

Citizenship and character.² Practically all institutions and agencies of society provide some training in citizenship and character, for better or worse. It remains for the school to realize its tremendous potentialities and to become a vital part of contemporary society, so that the greatest good may come to its pupils in both citizenship and character. In *THE YOUNG AMERICAN CIVIC READERS* the authors place good citizenship with good character, believing that one cannot be achieved without the other.

As yet no one has defined "good citizenship" or "good character" to the satisfaction of all. However, there are everyday situations involving problems, hundreds of them, which show instantly and vividly the need of good citizenship and good character. Pupils can find solutions to such problems if they are given an opportunity to *think them through*; if they are asked to find the best possible thing to do in a situation; if they learn that "the good act is one which creates as many and as worthy satisfactions as possible for as many people over as long a time as possible." *Community Activities* offers opportunities such as these.

This, the authors believe, is in accord with present psychological and educational practices that, in general, tend to favor procedures which focus the attention of children (1) upon relatively specific responses rather than general traits, although generalizations should be attempted where they can apply; (2) upon the requirements of particular situations rather than arbitrary rules; (3) upon situations and experiences occurring in, or closely related to, the lives of children; and (4) upon

practice in meeting problems of conduct rather than mere theoretical talk about conduct.

Choice of methods. Extensive research studies have not revealed the superiority of any one specific method of training, whether direct or indirect. The authors, however, after many trials with the content of this book in actual classroom situations, have employed those methods which most successfully arouse the interest and activity of pupils. They have not cast aside old methods merely because they are old, nor have they presented new methods just because they are new.

The major emphasis has been on training the pupil to form right habits of thinking as applied to character and citizenship situations. An abundance of activities and exercises of everyday interest is found throughout *Community Helpers*. Use has been made of factual and imaginative stories and poems; dramatizations are encouraged; further reading, reports, and notebooks are suggested; the formation of clubs, committees, and squads is fostered; programs for assemblies are indicated. Alert teachers can use separate parts of the book as units of work.

A reminder. Educators justly have questioned the memorization of maxims, mottoes, and codes when these are not clearly understood by the pupils and when the pupils have an insufficient background to realize their importance. If such material is used, the teacher must be sure that adequate preliminary presentation has taken place. Otherwise she will encourage mere verbalism. Codes which pupils themselves have prepared after careful thinking are conceded to be of motivating value.

The teacher must ever seek to grow in social understanding, to develop a well-adjusted personality herself,

and by her example serve as a daily reminder to her pupils of the best in American citizenship and character.

Teachers will find further suggestions in educational reports and studies.

¹ *The Social Studies Curriculum; Fourteenth Yearbook*, Department of Superintendence, Washington, D. C.: National Education Association, 1936, p. 11.

See also: *Elements of the Social Studies Program, Sixth Yearbook*, National Council for the Social Studies, Philadelphia, Pa.: McKinley Publishing Co., 1936.

Improving Social Studies Instruction, Research Bulletin, Washington, D. C.: National Education Association, November, 1937.

"Social Economic Goals of America," *The Journal of the National Education Association*, Washington, D. C., January, 1938, pp. 8-20.

² See McKown, Harry C., *Character Education*, New York: McGraw-Hill Co., Inc., 1935.

Coe, George A., *Educating for Citizenship*, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1932.

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CONTENTS

PART ONE:

EVERYDAY HABITS OF THE USEFUL CITIZEN

The Useful Citizen Shows Courage

How? When? Where? Why?

PAGE

HOW TO HUNT A LION.	<i>Martin Johnson</i>	1
Tests of Courage		8
An Exhibition of Photographs		9
THE LONE EAGLE		9
With Courage		13
A FLYERS' CLUB.		13
A PIGEON THAT SAVED MANY LIVES		14
Courageous Friends.		17
THE BOY WHO KEPT THE GATES.	<i>Elizabeth T. Dillingham</i>	18
EARNING A NAME	<i>Chief Buffalo Child</i>	23
Honor Names		26
EVERYDAY COURAGE		27
THE BEST THING TO DO.		27

The Useful Citizen Shows Self-Control

How? When? Where? Why?

HOW SEY YES LEARNED	<i>Lawrence Trimble</i>	29
Self-Control Helps		37
A MATCHING GAME		37
SELF-CONTROL	<i>Henry Wotton</i>	38
THE IMPATIENT BIRD	<i>Joseph B. Egan</i>	39
THE GOOD CITIZENS' CLUB.		42
GOOD MANNERS AND SELF-CONTROL.		43

	PAGE
THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD . <i>Raymond M. Alden</i>	45
Winning a Battle	51
Playing the Story	51
EVERYDAY SELF-CONTROL.	51

The Useful Citizen Shows Perseverance
How? When? Where? Why?

THE GOLDEN FORTUNE.	53
Finish the Story	59
Find the True Sentences	60
OUT OF DARKNESS.	60
TRY AGAIN <i>William Edward Hickson</i>	64
Trying and Memorizing.	65
WHAT WOULD YOU DO	65
THE MAGIC MASK.	67
Persevering	71
THE CLOCK THAT WOULD NOT RUN.	72
Keeping At It	76
THE BOY WHO IS WANTED EVERYWHERE	76

The Useful Citizen Is Thrifty
How? When? Where? Why?

THE STORY OF MONEY.	78
Using Money Wisely	82
THE THRIFT CLUB.	82
START A BANK ACCOUNT.	84
Something to Do.	84
PUTTING A PRICE ON TIME.	85
THRIFT WITH BOOKS.	87
Can You Do This?	88
THINKING ABOUT SAVING.	89
THE CONSUMER	89

The Useful Citizen Is Kind to Animals
How? When? Where? Why?

TRUE KINDNESS STORIES.	90
Helping Your Cat	91
OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS	93
Learning About Insects and Birds	96

	PAGE
INVITING BIRD NEIGHBORS	96
Houses to Use	97
WHY BIRDS CHOOSE CERTAIN HOMES	98
PLANNING A BIRD DAY PROGRAM	98
WHAT ALLEN FOUND OUT <i>C. Fairchild Allen</i>	100
Write a Letter	102
THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCLAMATION . . . <i>Jane V. Roach</i>	103
THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION	107
WHICH BOY WOULD A DOG CHOOSE. . . <i>Anna Harris Smith</i>	108
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DOGS	112
THE DOG	113
THE SEEING EYE	114
Good Citizens	119
The Useful Citizen Obeys the Laws of Safety	
How? When? Where? Why?	
HOW FIRE DRILLS HELP	120
TELL WHY	120
FIRE, THE DESTROYER	121
SAFETY FIRE RULES	124
A FIRE-PREVENTION POSTER	125
DANGER! THIN ICE!	125
Water and Safety	128
A SAFETY RESOLUTION. <i>Jack Webb</i>	129
ARE YOU FOR SAFETY?	129
Write Score Sheets	130
WHY?	130
BUNGAY'S CHRISTMAS <i>Dorothy Deeming</i>	132
THE SAFETY TRAIN <i>Genevieve Givins</i>	136
THE OUTDOOR CODE	140
Thought Questions	140

PART TWO: EVERYDAY PUBLIC HELPERS

THE POLICEMAN

THE POLICEMAN	143
Giving a Play	145
A VISIT FROM OUR POLICEMAN	146
Helping the Policeman	151

	PAGE
ON THE BEAT	151
The Lost Child's Friend	152
THE POLICEMAN AND THE RUNAWAY	153
You and Your Policeman	155
A VISIT TO POLICE STATION	156
HOW COUNTRY PLACES ARE PROTECTED	160
In the Country	161
A SCRAPBOOK FOR COMMUNITY HELPERS.	162

THE FIREMAN

THE STORY OF A FIRE	162
Helping the Firemen	171
WHAT FIRE WASTES	172
WHEN A FIRE BREAKS OUT	175
Duties of Firemen	175
A VISIT TO A FIRE HOUSE	176
Planning a Visit	184
LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE FIREMAN	184

THE POSTMAN

WRITING LETTERS	185
A STORY TOLD BY STARS.	187
Playing Postmaster.	188
HOW WE MAY HELP THE POSTMAN.	189
UNCLE SAM'S POST OFFICES	190
THE MAIL GOES THROUGH.	196
Something to Find Out	198
GROWING FAST	199
THE UNITED STATES MAIL IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD	200

THE STREET CLEANER

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH	201
DUTIES OF STREET CLEANERS.	203
How Street Cleaners Help Us to Keep Well	204
DOING YOUR PART	205
SPOTLESS STREET AND CARELESS STREET.	206

THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR

HOW THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR PROTECTS OUR HEALTH.	207
Getting Rid of Dangers.	211

THE ASH AND RUBBISH COLLECTOR

GETTING RID OF USELESS THINGS	212
FIRES THAT STARTED THEMSELVES	213
THE DANGERS OF RATS AND MICE	214
Rubbish, Ashes, and Safety	215
OTHER HELPERS.	215
DOING OUR PART	216
Remember	220
Things to Do	220

PART THREE: PATRIOTIC CITIZENS

PATRIOTISM	223
BETSY ROSS MAKES A FLAG . . . <i>Edwin S. Parry</i> (Adapted)	224
How Well Do You Know the Story?	227
RESPECT FOR THE FLAG	227
Showing Respect.	229
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.	229
Our Ships and Our Sailors	232
I AM AN AMERICAN <i>Ivan Myerwiski</i>	233
Free Americans	233

WORLD NEIGHBORS

UNDERSTANDING OTHER PEOPLE.	234
THE OTHER BOY OR ME. <i>Ethel Blair Jordan</i>	237
Our Neighbors Across the Sea	237

THE RED CROSS

HOW RED CROSS SOCIETIES CAME TO BE	238
THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS.	241
The Deeds of the Red Cross.	243
THE JUNIOR RED CROSS	244
Juniors Working for the Red Cross.	246
A FLAG FOR EACH NATION.	247
A REVIEW	249
BOOKS TO READ	251

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PART ONE



**EVERYDAY
HABITS
OF THE
USEFUL CITIZEN**





“There is no end to useful habits.”



THE USEFUL CITIZEN SHOWS COURAGE

How? When? Where? Why?

HOW TO HUNT A LION

There are two ways to hunt a lion. One way is to take his life; the other way is to take his picture. In one case the hunter shoots the lion with a gun; in the other he "shoots" him with a camera. In one case he kills the King of Beasts; in the other he spares the animal's life and brings home his picture.

* * *

THE LION COUNTRY

One summer three young Americans, Dave, Dick, and Doug, were chosen by the Boy Scouts to visit Martin Johnson. He was "shooting" lions with cameras in Central Africa.

Through all the long days in crossing the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, they tried to learn everything they could about lions. They talked about lions by day; they dreamed of lions at night. Even in their wildest dreams, their adventures did not equal what really happened to them.

Mr. Johnson met the Scouts as they left the train at Nairobi, the capital of the Colony of Kenya in British East Africa. Traveling by automobile for three days more, they reached the base camp in the

lion country. The camp was in a large round clearing with tents in the center. Here the dry grass had been cleared away to lessen the danger of fire.

All about the camp were hundreds of wild animals roaming through the brush and the tall grass. The boys made a list; there were zebras, giraffes, hyenas, lions, and many other animals. The boys were in the lion country. On one trip Dick counted no less than twenty-one lions. Then came the day for the great adventure.

THE BAIT

Late one afternoon Mr. Johnson, with the Scouts and a native helper, drove his motor truck to a place some distance from the camp. Here they stopped and made their station. By sundown everything was ready for the boys to take a photograph of a living lion on his own ground. First of all a large bait of meat was placed not far from the truck, a good meal for more than one hungry lion. Next, the camera was set up and focused within a few feet of the bait. Then a flash bulb was placed in position, with the wires running to a battery in the truck. When the lions were having their meal, the boys were to touch the ends of the wires together. This would explode the flash and a picture of the lions at the bait would be taken at once.

Everything was ready. The Scouts climbed into the truck. The top of the truck was strong enough to keep out a full-grown lion, and the sides were of

heavy wire mesh. After the boys were inside, the native helper lashed poles across the rear end. The boys were really shut up in a cage. If they were not protected, they would have little chance of escape, should the lions attack the truck.

After seeing them settled for their adventure, Mr. Johnson took his station on higher ground, about three hundred yards away. Here he would be within sight, if anything should go wrong. Then, bidding them good luck, he left them alone in the darkness and the silence of the jungle.

The boys knew just how to set off the flashlight and what to do in case of danger. Mr. Johnson told them not to waste a picture on the hyenas that were sure to be the first to find the bait. Eight-thirty o'clock came and all was still. Not a breath of wind was blowing. The jungle seemed as peaceful as a farm near one of our quiet rivers.

The boys crouched in the bottom of the car and waited in the darkness. After a long while, they heard a sound outside, then a noise like the cracking of a bone. That told them that an animal, perhaps a lion, had come to eat. They peeped out between the poles at the rear of their cage, but could see nothing in the blackness.

THE FLASH BULB

Dick reached down in the blankets at the bottom of the car and felt about for the wires which would fire the flash bulb. Just as he picked them up, a

lion let out a terrible snarl. Dave had turned his hand-flashlight on the bait; he wanted to see whether a lion was posing for his picture. There he was—snarling at being disturbed at his meal. The boys talked in whispers. They wondered if he could be made to take a better position. Certainly the lion saw the hand-flashlight and perhaps heard their whispers, but he made no sign of leaving his supper.

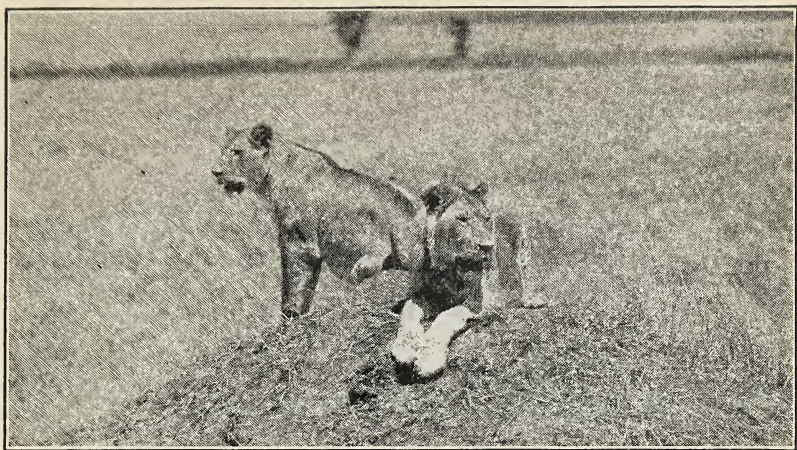
By this time Dick's hands began to tremble with excitement. He accidentally touched the ends of the wires together, and the flash went off with a boom.

When Mr. Johnson heard the noise, he jumped up, wondering what had happened. Lions seldom prowl about openly until nearly midnight, and he had not heard the roar of one since sunset. "They must have taken a hyena, after all," he thought.

There was no shout from the Scouts. As all was still at the truck, Mr. Johnson waited. After fifteen minutes had passed, he became alarmed. Taking his gun he walked over towards the truck, keeping well away from the grassy places where lions were likely to be hiding. He did not go as far as the truck because he did not wish to pass through the patch of reed grass which lay in the way. Such grass makes a perfect hiding-place for a lion.

"What did you get?" he shouted twice before the boys heard him.

"A big lion!" came back the reply. "And you had better look out; he is hiding right where you're standing!"



The king of beasts and his queen are viewing the landscape from an ant hill

The boys could not reset the camera. As Mr. Johnson had no wish to do so with a lion between himself and the truck, he called out, "Well, go to sleep. We will develop and print the picture in the morning."

Then he hurried away, still believing it was a hyena which the boys had seen. "No wonder," he thought. "The excitement of being alone in the wilds of Africa for the first time made them forget my warnings."

SEVEN LIONS PAY A VISIT

After a while the boys rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep. They were awakened by a thumping noise against the truck. When they threw on their hand-light, they saw what was enough to make any boy's hair stand on end. They were

surrounded by seven lions that had come to pay them a visit. One big lion stepped on the running board of the car and actually climbed into the front seat.

"I think it's the first time anyone ever had a lion try to drive his motorcar," said Dave.

For an hour or more the lions continued their visit. They stood up and peered curiously through the wire screen. One tried to chew up the tires, another crunched the camera tripod. But these huge beasts were just curious, not really violent. Even so, it is not pleasant to feel a lion's hot breath with only a wire screen between you and the beast. Every time a lion felt the pangs of hunger, he went to the tempting bait that had been spread for him in return for his picture, and took a snack.

At daylight Mr. Johnson walked over to see whether the boys had been able to sleep. As they told him their story, all three Scouts agreed that, although they were pretty well scared at times, they would not take a million dollars for their experience.

After breakfast Mr. Johnson developed and printed the flashlight picture. "You boys were right," he said, holding it up. "This is not a hyena. It is one of the best flashlight pictures of a lion I have ever printed."

—Adapted from MARTIN JOHNSON'S *Lion*

Tests of Courage

1. Why were Dave, Dick, and Doug chosen to go to Africa with Martin Johnson?

2. Does it take less courage to hunt with a camera than with a gun? Give your reason.

3. Name two tests that prove the courage of a Boy Scout.

4. What tests of courage did the Indians use?

An Exhibition of Photographs

1. If you have photographs of animals that you have taken, bring them to class. Not everyone can go to Africa to take pictures of wild animals, but almost any boy or girl can collect snapshots of pets or of wild animals at the Zoo.

2. Select a class committee to arrange the pictures on the bulletin board. Print neat title cards for each one.

THE LONE EAGLE

On Friday morning, May 20, 1927, not long after the sun peeped over the edge of America, a little airplane rose above the Roosevelt Flying Field on Long Island. It soon darted out high over the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. The *Spirit of St. Louis* was on its way from New York to Paris, and Charles A. Lindbergh, the pilot, on his way to fame.

In the cabin of the plane a lean, tanned face grinned. Fearless blue eyes looked out of the cabin window.

"Fear-proof," the boys in the mail service had called the owner of those blue eyes. He was fear-proof, but wise enough to provide a raft on which he might float on the water if the *Spirit of St. Louis*

failed him. And his friends had provided some sandwiches and water for the flight.

"Are you taking enough food?" he was asked before his take-off.

"Sure," replied the young man with a grin. "If I get to Paris, I won't need any more. And if I don't get there, I won't need any more, either."

"So long," he called as he started, just as any American boy might say good-by when starting off on a little journey.

Anxious eyes followed the birdlike plane as it rose, heavy with fuel. Barely missing some telephone wires, it soared away and was soon lost in the distance. At last the Lone Eagle was on his way.

"The *Spirit of St. Louis* hopped off for Paris at 7:52 A. M. today. All ships please keep a sharp lookout for the plane," was the radio message sent to every steamer along the route over the Atlantic.

All day long the Wright Whirlwind Motor sang in the lone pilot's ears. Twilight crept over the waters, with thick clouds and banks of fog. Then a sleet storm arose, the deadliest of all storms for fliers. But all through the dark night the engine kept up its mighty roar.

On shore the young man's friends hoped and prayed for his safety. All night they watched and waited. Surely, they thought, some ship will see the *Spirit of St. Louis* like a great gray bird winging its lonesome way over the Atlantic, and will then send word. But it was not until Saturday morning





that the wireless station at Cape Race, Newfoundland, sent out the message:

“Steamship *Milvesum* sighted the *Spirit of St. Louis*, 8:10 A. M., 500 miles from Irish Coast. Plane was keeping full speed.”

Within a few hours, the plane swooped low over an Irish fishing boat, and the pilot called to a man on deck, “Which way is Ireland?” Even with the motor throttled, the flyer could not hear his answer, and simply zoomed ahead.

Soon the great adventure was at an end. At 10:21 that night, the *Spirit of St. Louis* landed on a light-flooded field in France. Like a giant bird, the twenty-five-year-old mail pilot had flown across the ocean from New York to Paris. The deed that had been a dream was done.

“ ‘We’ did it,” said the young man who would not boast, as he patted the wing of his plane.

With Courage

1. Why was Colonel Lindbergh called *The Lone Eagle*?
2. What did he mean by saying, “We did it”?
3. Find out all that you can about each of the following: Leif the Lucky; Columbus; Daniel Boone; the Wright brothers. Be ready to report on any *one* of these heroes.
4. Tell what is meant by, “The courageous dare to be laughed at.” In your dictionary, find the meaning of “courageous.”
5. If Colonel Lindbergh had failed to reach Paris, would he have been less courageous? Why does “doing your best” show courage?

A FLYERS’ CLUB

Both girls and boys will enjoy belonging to a flyers’ club. The club can make model airplanes. Then a contest may be held to see how far and how long these planes can fly.

One flyers’ club did these things:

1. Read *The Boy’s Story of Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle*, by Richard J. Beamish, and *We*, by Charles A. Lindbergh.
 2. Collected pictures of pilots and planes and put up a bulletin-board display of them.
 3. Studied about the training of pilots.
 4. Wrote a class newspaper called *The Airpilot*.
 5. Invited a real pilot to speak to the club.
- How many of these things will your club do?

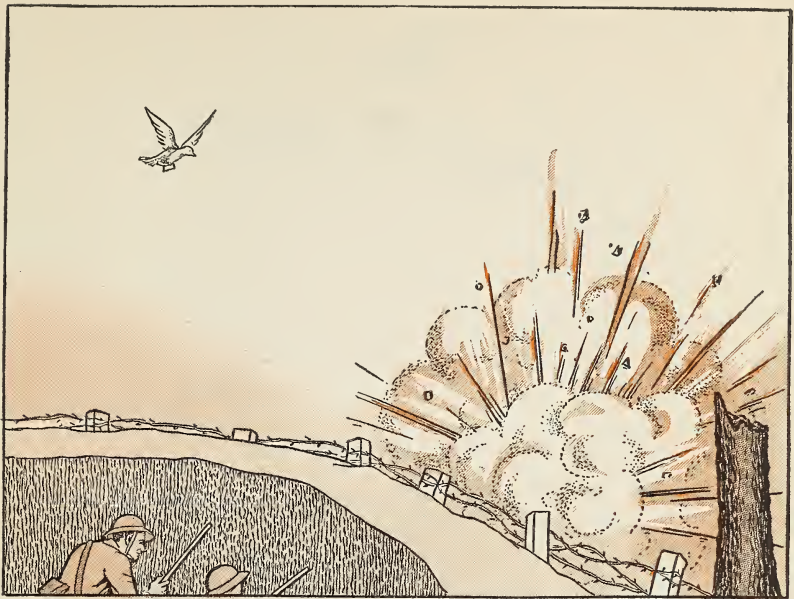
A PIGEON THAT SAVED MANY LIVES

During the World War a little pigeon, Cher Ami, lived in France with the American soldiers. He was trained to know his home coop. When he was taken away from it, he always found his way home.

One day the soldiers were ordered to move up to the front lines to fight the enemy. Cher Ami was put into a field basket and was taken along with the soldiers. They knew that important messages would have to be sent back "home." If telegraph and telephone wires were cut down by the enemy, they knew that the pigeon would deliver their messages.

Cher Ami's company was fighting in the Argonne Forest. They became separated from the rest of the army. After a time their food gave out and they had no more bullets. Without food and bullets they were sure to be captured. The officer in charge of the soldiers quickly wrote a note for help. He put it into a tiny tube and fastened it to the pigeon's leg. He knew that this message carried the only hope that help could arrive in time to save his command. Then he tossed Cher Ami into the air.

For a moment Cher Ami trembled with excitement. Then he stretched out his wings and started for home. As he flew over the enemy lines, a bullet flew past him scraping the feathers and skin from his breast. The boys in the trenches saw him stagger and shouted, "He's done for." But he did not fall. For a few seconds he fluttered helplessly



about, then pulled himself together and flew on with all his strength. Another bullet came, this time breaking the leg to which the message was tied. He felt blood dripping from his leg, but he did not stop. With great pain, he pulled his broken leg up under his feathers and hurried on like a true soldier.

No one can tell what Cher Ami passed through on that flight over the hills. In twenty-five minutes, after flying thirty-seven miles, he arrived at his home coop. He was home. Striking the coop breast first, he staggered and then, hopping on one leg, he made the landing board. Then Cher Ami knew no more. Weakened by the loss of blood, he fainted.

An officer ran to the coop. He took the message from the blood-stained fluff of feathers. There was



also a hole through the breast bone made by the same bullet that had broken his leg.

Soon airplanes loaded with supplies started off to help the soldiers who were lost in the forest. Food and bullets were dropped to them from the airplanes. With this help, they were able to fight their way out of the forest. The whole company of soldiers was saved by a little pigeon's bravery.

General Pershing, who was commander in chief of the American troops in France, gave Cher Ami one of the highest honors. He gave him a Distinguished Service Cross. He said to Cher Ami's army officer, "See that this brave hero gets the best care in the world. Send him back to the United States. Let the army honor him as long as he lives."

Cher Ami arrived in America, April 16, 1919, on the steamship *Ohioan*. As a special favor he was put in the captain's stateroom. But Cher Ami did not like such splendor. He was lonely until he was moved to a cage at the stern, or rear, of the ship. There, with a hundred pigeons captured from the enemy, Cher Ami was happy. He had done his bit to win the war by carrying important messages from the American troops who were fighting in the front-line trenches.

Courageous Friends

1. What might have happened to Cher Ami's company if the first bullet had brought him down?
2. Read aloud that part of the story which proves that General Pershing wished to honor Cher Ami for doing his duty.
3. What other stories do you know about the courage of birds? of dogs? of horses?
4. What does "Cher Ami" mean?



THE BOY WHO KEPT THE GATES

It takes courage to do the right thing always. Sometimes just to obey shows courage. Read to find out how the boy in this story showed courage.

* * *

YOU CAN TRUST ME

In France there lived a boy named Maurice. Maurice's home was a small, stone house in the country, close beside a railroad track. It was a lonely place, with no other house in sight. A white road ran by the door, over the railroad track, and on again. Maurice's father was keeper of the gates that shut off the road when the trains went rumbling by.

"Come, Son," his father often would call. "Run, close the gate across the track and hurry back to me before the train comes."

Maurice was proud to help shut the gates; he and his little sister Jacqueline often stood near them to watch the slow trains go by. The engineers always waved to the children, and sometimes people in the windows smiled down at them. One happy day a lady leaned out and threw them a package of chocolate wrapped in shining paper.

"Merci, merci beaucoup, madame!" cried the children, which meant, "Thank you, thank you, madame, very much."

Only two trains a day passed the house, so that their father had time to plant his gardens and care

for his cows and goats. One morning when the fields were red with poppies, he came out to the tree where the children were at play.

"Maurice," he said, "Mother and I have to go at once to town. We shall be gone all day. Can I trust you to shut the gates for the trains?"

"Yes, yes, Father," said Maurice eagerly.

"Come here," said his father.

Maurice stood before him.

"No matter who asks you, you are not to leave the place. You are the keeper of the gates, and if you should fail to close them at eleven and at four o'clock, someone might be run over. Can I trust you, my big ten-year-old boy?"

Maurice stood straight and tall.

"Yes, Father," he said, "you can trust me."

"Then good-by, children," said their father, and he and their mother drove off down the road in a two-wheeled cart.

MAURICE TAKES CHARGE

The children played as before, only Maurice ran into the house again and again to look at the clock over the stone fireplace in the kitchen. Just before the morning train was due he ran across the tracks to close the farther gate, then crossed quickly back again to shut the gate by the house. Jacqueline helped him close this one, and then the children stood by the bars to watch the train move slowly

down the track. After it had gone, they opened the gates once more.

"Now let's have dinner," said Maurice.

So the children ran to get the little loaves of bread and the butter and cheese that their mother had set out, and carried them to a table under the trees. Jyp, their dog, watched them eat, and had some of the food for his dinner.

It was a warm day, and soon Jacqueline lay down on the grass and went to sleep. Maurice felt lonely. So did Jyp. He grew restless, and began to coax Maurice to take a walk with him. He bounded away, then back again to look into his little master's face, as if to say, "Come on. You often go walking with me."

"No, no, Jyp!" said Maurice. "I cannot go today. I am keeper of the gates."

Soon along came a boy who lived far down the road. In his hand he carried a basket, and over his shoulder was a long pole.

"Good day, Maurice," he cried. "I've come over to get you to go fishing. Your father said sometime you could go with me. Come on."

"No, no," said Maurice. "I can't go. I'm keeper of the gates. Will you come for me some other day?"

"I don't know," said the big boy. "Most always I have to work. Better come on. Jacqueline's big enough to shut the gates."

"No," said Maurice. "I promised Father. I cannot go."

"Good-by," said the boy.

"Good-by," said Maurice, and he turned away, for there was nothing in the world he wanted to do more than to go fishing.

Just then an automobile came down the road, and Jacqueline woke up. The two children stood up to see it go by, for very few automobiles passed that lonely spot. Maurice saw that the man in the car was the mayor of the town below them. When the mayor saw the children, he stopped and asked for water for the radiator. Maurice brought it, and the pretty lady sitting beside the mayor said, "Children, did you ever go to a fair?"

"No," said Maurice, "but I've read about one in my book."

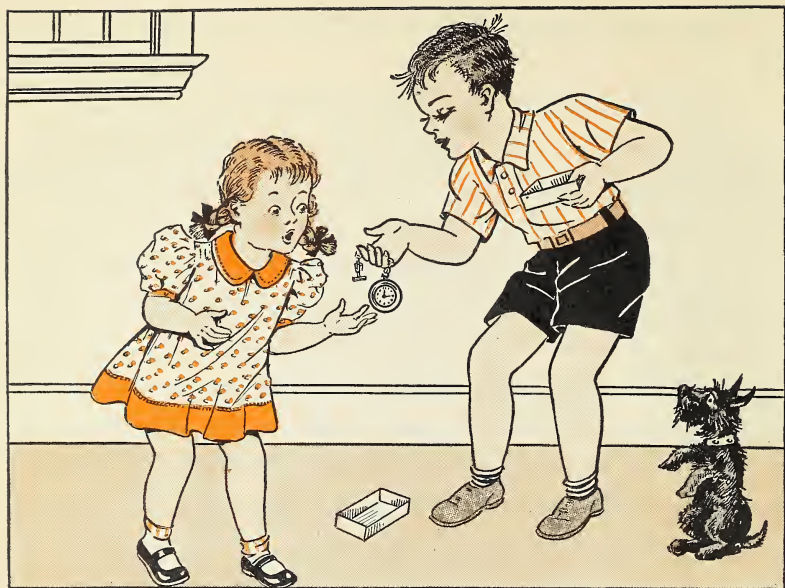
The pretty lady smiled. "We are going to the next town to a fair. Ask your mother if you and your little sister may go with us. There will be swings and a merry-go-round, and many other things to see."

"Oh, oh!" cried Jacqueline. "Mother isn't here, but I'm sure we can go."

"No," said Maurice sadly. "We cannot go. I am keeper of the gates today, and have to be here when the train comes by at four o'clock."

"Good-by, then," said the man, and off went the car, down the road and out of sight.

"We never rode in an automobile," said Jacqueline.



“No,” said Maurice, sadly, “we never did. I can think of nothing we would enjoy more than to ride to the fair in an automobile.”

The afternoon was very long. When the train chugged by at four o'clock the gates were shut tight, and Maurice and Jacqueline stood waiting to open them again. As they swung them open, they saw a two-wheeled cart far down the white road; on it were their mother and father coming home earlier than they were expected. Mother had bought some gingerbread for the children, and when supper time came, they each had a big slice. As they were eating, they heard an automobile coming. All ran to the door. It was the mayor and his wife motoring home from the fair.

“Good evening,” said the mayor to the children’s father. “You have a fine boy here,” and he handed a small package to Maurice, while the pretty lady put a little doll into Jacqueline’s arms. Then off they went down the road again.

When the children went into the house, Maurice opened his package. “Oh!” he cried as he took out a small silver watch. On the back of the shining case were letters which read, “For Maurice, trusty keeper of the gates.” At that moment Maurice was the happiest boy in all France.

—ELIZABETH T. DILLINGHAM

EARNING A NAME

Every Indian of days gone by had at least three names during his lifetime. His first name told of some happening at the time of his birth. For example, there was a man among the Blackfeet tribe whose name was Howling-in-the-Middle-of-the-Night. When he was born, the Indian woman who was with his mother went out to the river to get some water for the baby’s bath. When she came back to the tepee she said: “I heard a wolf howling across the river.”

“Then,” said the baby’s mother, “I shall call my son ‘Howling-in-the-Middle-of-the-Night.’ ”

The birth name of a child was supposed to be kept by him until he was old enough to earn one for himself; but always when he grew old enough to play with other children, his playmates would give



him a name of their own. By this name he would be known among them no matter what his parents called him. This was not always pleasing, for Indian boys were likely to choose such names as, Bow Legs, Crazy Dog, Bad Boy, or Wolf Tail.

The real name of the Indian was earned when he was old enough to go out for his first fight against the enemy. His life-name would depend on the way he behaved in his first battle. When he came back from the warpath, the whole tribe would gather to hear the chief of the tribe give him his name.

If he had made a good showing, he would be given a good name, such as: Uses-Both-Arms, Charging Buffalo, Good Striker, Heavy Lance, or Many Chiefs. But if he had made a poor showing, his name might be: Crazy Wolf, Man-Afraid-of-a-Horse, or Smoking-Old-Woman. Thus, an Indian's name told what kind of man he was.

But the name given him after his first test of a man's bravery was not his only name. A man was given many chances to improve his name as time went on. If he should go into battle again and be



very brave, he would be given a better name. Some of the great warriors have had as many as twelve names—all good names, and each one better than the one before. No matter how many names were given to him, all his past names belonged to him just the same, and no one else could take them.

Indian names were handed out by the tribe, not given by the parents. No man could give his name even to his own son, unless the chief and the tribe should ask the father to do so because of some worthy deed done by his son. Such a thing was the rarest honor that could come to a person—the honor of having one's father's name. In those days every son had to earn his own name.

This is the reason why no old Indian who has won fine names ever will tell you his own names. If you ask him, he will turn to some one and nod for him to tell you. This is because he is too modest to boast of his own bravery. His names are like the medals in the white man's army, and the Indian does not like to "show off" his bravery by speaking his own name.

—*Long Lance*—CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD (Adapted)



Honor Names

1. How could an Indian earn a name? What was the rarest honor that could befall the son of an Indian?
2. What is meant by, "On your honor"?
3. Would the Indians who earned good names make good Boy Scouts? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Make a list of names that might be fitting for your favorite baseball player; a fireman; a policeman.
5. Tell about a time when you felt afraid, but acted bravely. Tell what might have happened if you had not had courage.
6. Ask at the library for a book that tells about Grace Darling or Ida Lewis. Be able to tell a story about one of them to the class. What names might be fitting for such women?
7. Tell about some brave act that a nurse does; a doctor. Give reasons for your answer. Make a list of other brave people.
8. What is meant by "Don't hide behind a lie"?
9. Why is it hard to "own up"?

EVERYDAY COURAGE

How many of these things do you do?

1. I go to the dentist without complaining.
2. I sleep in the dark without a light burning.
3. I do not cry when I cannot have my own way.
4. I think thunder and lightning are wonderful forces of nature; I am not afraid during a storm.
5. I take medicine without coaxing.
6. I try to fall asleep as quickly as possible without thinking of exciting things.
7. I take part in games at a party; I do not sit by myself in a corner.
8. I meet guests without shyness.
9. I am learning to swim and to dive.
10. I let no boy or girl bully me.
11. I can stay at camp or at a friend's home without getting homesick.
12. I speak before the class or the assembly as I would with a friend.

THE BEST THING TO DO

In each of these stories tell the best thing to do.

1. Harold is sorry that he disturbed the lesson period. He knows that he wasted time.

What should Harold say and do?

2. The boys "dare" Tom. He knows that it is foolish to take a "dare," yet he does not want them to think that he is afraid or is a "sissy."

What should Tom say and do?

3. It is Anna's fault that the flowerpot broke. She was alone in the classroom. No one saw the accident.

What should Anna say and do?

4. Frank teased Kate, his sister, until she cried. Frank is sorry.

What should Frank say and do?

5. Ellen hates to say that she is wrong when she makes a mistake.

What should Ellen say and do?

6. Sam is captain of the safety patrol. Sometimes he has to speak to his best friends about crossing the street safely. They do not like him to do this.

What should Sam say and do?

7. Mary sings well during the music lesson. The music supervisor asks her to sing alone, but Mary is shy.

What should Mary say and do?

8. Jack knows that he failed in spelling because he did not do his homework with care. His father asks him about his low marks in spelling when he sees Jack's report.

What should Jack say and do?

9. Dick is a member of the safety patrol. On Saturday when he is off duty, he sees three little boys playing ball on a busy street.

What should Dick say and do?

THE USEFUL CITIZEN SHOWS SELF-CONTROL

How? When? Where? Why?

HOW SEY YES LEARNED

In this story Lawrence Trimble, the motion-picture animal trainer, tells how he taught Sey Yes, a colt that no one could trust, to follow him about like a dog. Read to find out how Sey Yes learned.

* * *

BEFORE SEY YES LEARNED

Men with pitchforks came hurrying to help the new farm hand who was being trampled by the colt, Sey Yes. The man had not been warned of the colt's quick temper and of his love for apples. So he had taken a short cut across the field, eating an apple.

The colt trotted up, ate the apple from the man's hand, and wanted more. The man tried to show him that he had no more, but Sey Yes did not understand. When the colt saw that he was not going to get another apple, he knocked the man down.

Sey Yes waited until he got up. Then, because the man did not give him an apple, he knocked him down again. After he had let the man up the third time, and no apple was to be seen, his temper flared. This time he not only knocked him down, but tried to trample him in rage. Of course, the farm hand was saved by the men.

That happened when Sey Yes was very young. He afterwards learned how to be polite, but it took a long time to do it. I had to be very patient with him.

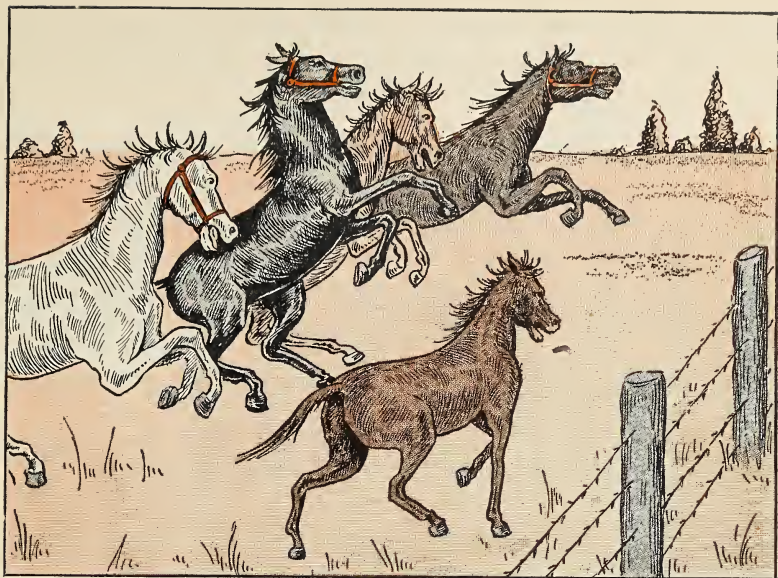
He is still very quick to decide whether he likes new people. But no matter who the person is, if I go through some kind of introduction, Sey Yes is always friendly.

But he likes children. Sometimes when he takes lumps of sugar from grown-ups, he pinches their fingers a little, just for the fun of seeing them jump, but he is always careful not to pinch children's fingers. The smaller the child, the more careful he is. The reason is easy to understand. He tries to do as I do. The first time I took a little boy in my arms and let Sey Yes look at the tiny child, the horse saw that I was being very careful. He knows well what the word "gentle" means. After he had several close-ups of children and had been warned each time with, "Gently—gently—gently, Sey," he knew that he must always be careful with them.

WHEN MR. TRIMBLE FIRST MET SEY YES

I was being driven in a hired motorcar when I saw some young horses racing wildly across a pasture. A cloud of dust rolled after them. I thought that they were being chased by a dog.

Straight toward the barbed-wire fence between the pasture and the road they came at a thundering gallop. I felt sick at the thought of their running



into the cruel, cutting wire. I was about to tell the driver to pull up and help me turn them away from the danger, when I saw something that made me shout, "Stop! Stop!"

From out the dust behind the horses had darted a flame-colored colt. He flew around the thundering band until he was running even with the leaders. Like a savage old hunter, and using his teeth, he swung those great horses away from the fence. Then, like a scared jack rabbit, he slipped to their rear and drove them all pell-mell through a wide ditch, which he himself lightly leaped over.

There was an earth mound about four feet high near the road. He danced around the mound in narrowing circles, then with a catlike spring he

lighted upon the mound. Stock-still he stood, gave two deep, whistling breaths, as if to say that this is a joyous world.

The beautiful colt made me forget that I was in a hurry. Here was just such a wonderful horse as I had dreamed of for years.

Under the fence I crawled and walked toward him. He snorted and pawed a warning, but I kept straight on.

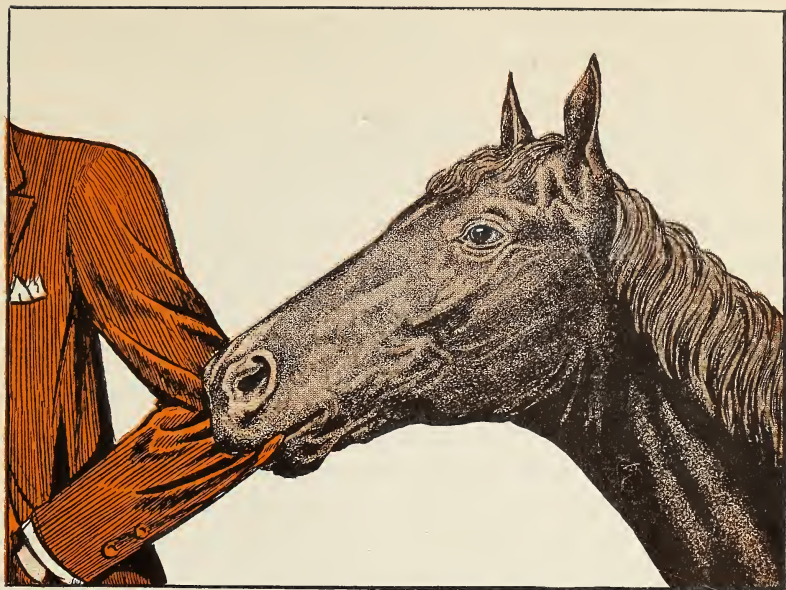
As I climbed upon the mound, he eyed me and gathered himself ready for a leap away or an attack—I could not tell which. To his surprise and curiosity, I did not offer to touch him—I just stood still.

Turning my back, I started walking in a circle, and slowly he began to follow me.

As it happened, I was trailing a leash along the ground. I kept slowing down, and when he came near enough to sniff and snort at the leash's end, I stopped.

Slowly, very slowly, smelling every inch of the leash, he came on, until by following his nose he came to my hand and started looking at it. Then he smelled me all over. As he did so, the worst of his nervousness left him.

After a while, the colt learned that I was not a person to be feared. That I did not fear him was plainly pleasing to him. To make sure of this, he nipped my coat sleeve. I did nothing. He nipped harder. I let him know that this did not please me. I told him this by both voice and manner.



Then he came close and again began pulling my coat. But at a word from me he remembered not to be too rough.

Suddenly he looked beyond me and laid back his ears. Turning, I saw a man hurrying down a lane toward a gate that opened into the pasture.

"Hi there! Hi!" the man shouted. "That colt is bad. Come out of there!"

By talking with the man, I learned that much misunderstanding had given the lively colt a bad name.

WHAT PATIENCE DID

I bought Sey Yes. In December I took him by train up into the Canadian Rocky Mountains, where I was going to spend the winter making pictures with dogs and wolves.

We had loaded an express car with the dogsleds, cameras, and our camping outfit—and in the car were our wolves.

It took me nearly two hours to get Sey Yes to do so much as put his nose inside that car. He not only did not like the wolves and dogs; he objected to everything and everybody. At last I started into the car to get a bucket of water for him. He had a barrellful for the trip, brought from his favorite spring. Instantly he followed me inside the express car.

During the four days and nights of the journey, I was with him and slept on a canvas hammock at his side. By the time we had unloaded in Canada, Sey Yes and I were pretty good friends.

What fun he had romping and rolling in the snow after he came snorting out of that hateful, stuffy express car. He could not seem to get enough of romping. And how he loved the crisp, cold mountain air—even if it was more than forty degrees below zero!

I had telegraphed that an addition should be built on the little log house I had rented. My bedroom window opened into Sey's room.

That first night in our new home I shall never forget. I had just dozed off to sleep when there was a crash! There stood Sey Yes, with his head inside my bedroom and the floor covered with the smashed window-frame and broken glass. He wanted me to sleep right beside him as I had on the

train. Then, I shoved my bed over near the window. But I did not get much sleep that night, for the rascal wanted me to visit with him. And every time I dropped off, he would yank the blankets from the bed—he didn't mind the cold.

The next day I had a new window put in, and a stout wooden shutter, like a door, was hung over the window which would open into Sey's room.

After that, during the nights when he wanted to visit, he would bang the shutter with his nose. I would get up, slip into warm clothing, crawl through the window, and play with him. That was the only way to start his training.

WHAT FAIR PLAY DID

It was this winter of living together in close friendship that made all the difference in Sey. From a wilful, quick-tempered colt, that had the name of *bad*, he has become gentle. He is still a high-spirited fellow, with many of the ways of a friendly dog. It has taken over five years to teach him to use his mind. He is still learning—and likes it.

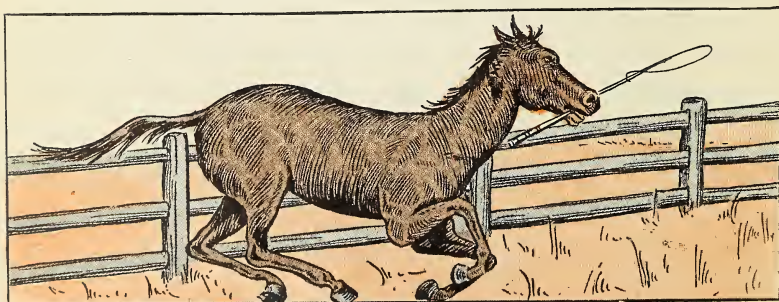
Once Sey Yes thought a motorcar was a raging demon. Now I can turn him loose and he will follow or run beside any car I am in, just as a dog likes to do. A motor horn was enough to make him jump out of his skin with fright. Now, when I tell him to, he will stand with his front feet on the running board of a car and blow the horn with his nose; and he thinks it is great fun.

To overcome his fear of motorcars took time and patience. First, I asked him to go close to a car that was standing still, as close as he could be coaxed to go. Then as soon as he could stand quietly near it, I fed him a bit of carrot. One day he dared go right up to a car, and found several carrots on the front seat. He seemed to think that carrots grew in the front seats of touring cars. He knows now, of course, that they do not; but still carrots might be there. For him, they have a way of being in the oddest places. This is also true of lumps of sugar. You see, he is full of curiosity.

All animals are curious unless they have been discouraged by getting kicked, poked, or shouted at every time they want to "look-see." Any trainer who loses his patience will fail to get the confidence of an animal. Self-control is needed all the time.

Sey Yes has no fear of a whip. He will trot up and take one away from anybody and gallop off with it. He loves to play fair, but he demands that the other fellow play fair also.

—Adapted and printed by permission of LAWRENCE TRIMBLE



Self-control Helps

1. From the following words complete two sentences that are true:

A person who shows self-control
loses his temper easily.
is brave and courageous.
runs away from his duty.
keeps on trying.

2. What is meant by *playing fair*? Do you think that a person who loses his temper is likely to play fair? Tell what you think is meant by, "He cannot control others, who cannot control himself."

3. Write two sentences to show why Mr. Trimble would be able to train animals when other people might fail.

Be sure that you know the meaning of *stampede*, *pell-mell*.

4. There are four parts in this story. Write one sentence for each part giving the main idea in each. Then you will have four sentences or a *summary* of the story. (Look in your dictionary for the meaning of "summary.")

A MATCHING GAME

Find the part in row II that finishes correctly the part in row I:

I

II

1. One angry stroke
must be paid

stir up anger.

2. He conquers twice

is greater than he who
taketh a city.

3. A soft answer

count ten before you
speak.

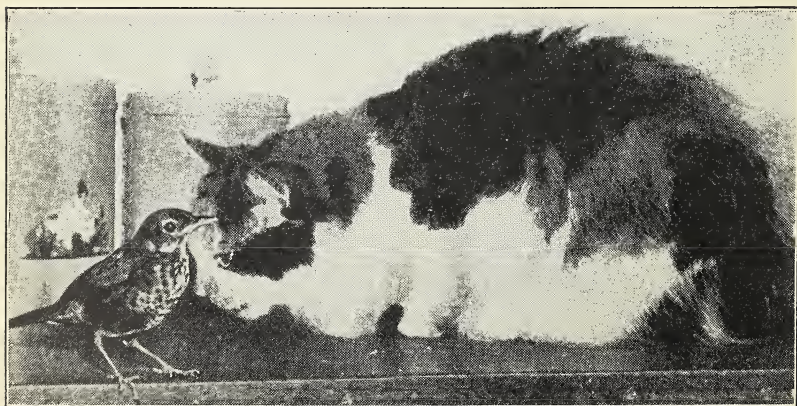
- | | |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 4. But grievous words | who conquers himself. |
| 5. He who conquers
himself | by a thousand calm ones.
turneth away wrath. |
| 6. When angry | as its weakest link. |
| 7. He that is slow to
anger | is the greatest of
victories. |
| 8. A chain is as strong | my tongue and my |
| 9. Self-control | temper. |
| 10. I will control | is better than the mighty. |

SELF-CONTROL

This poem is a riddle. What does it mean?

How happy is he born or taught,
Whose passions not his master are;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all!

—HENRY WOTTON



This robin and cat give an interesting display of trust
and self-control

THE IMPATIENT BIRD

(From the African)

Che Mlanda was an impatient little bird. He hopped from bush to bush, poked his head into other birds' business, and fussed about noisily. He was always complaining in a way that made other birds keep away from him.

He was pure white, as all birds were in his days. Many of the birds wanted colored feathers, but he was more fussy about getting a change of color than any of the others.

"Why not?" he chirped. "Why not have beautiful wings? The butterflies have them. See how gay they are in their sky-blue coats and how brightly they flash their wings in the sun. Why not? Why not, fellow birds? Imagine me, my friends, in a golden coat with purple wings and a big red spot under my throat!"

He was chirping his thoughts from the highest limb on the bush. The other birds, however, were paying very little attention to him, for each in his own quiet way was sending up a prayer for just a little of the beautiful color that he saw scattered around him.

"I am not asking much," said the tanager, "for I saw plenty of rich scarlet in the sky last night."

"I am sure the moon would not miss a dab of his midnight gold," added the oriole.

"Just one spot of red under my throat would satisfy me," said the robin.



Now Mulungu was a very good spirit and he smiled as he listened to the prayers of the birds. "You are right," he agreed. "You want beauty and ought to have it; so come, all of you, to the green forest glade tomorrow morning early. I will see what I can do about it."

Before the dew was dry on the moss, the birds were all gathered in the glade. Faithful to his word, Mulungu came in all his glorious cloud garments and took a seat on a three-legged stool in the midst of them. At his feet he placed pots of glorious color that he had drawn full from the western skies the night before. In his hand he held one of the silver brushes of the sun such as anyone can see sweeping the hillsides on cloudy afternoons.

“Get in line,” said Mulungu, “and hop onto my knee one after the other. There is time enough and paint enough for every one of you.”

Now it happened that Che Mlanda, in spite of all his scuffling and fluttering about, got a place far down in the line. When Mulungu began to paint the tanager, he hopped up and down and chirped as loudly as he could, “Me next! Me next! Me next! Save a little scarlet for my breast.” But the other birds all whistled and sang as merrily as they could to keep him from being heard.

The good spirit smiled a little and went right on putting beautiful scarlet on the body of the tanager. As soon, however, as Mulungu began to put gold on the wings of the oriole, Che Mlanda hopped higher and higher, and screamed louder and louder, “Let me be next! Me next! Save a lot of gold for my wings!”

The other birds were ashamed of his impatience. They sang and whistled until they started echoes in the distant hills. The good spirit now frowned a little but went right on brushing the gold of the moon on the oriole’s feathers.

When, however, the robin perched on Mulungu’s knee for a scarlet breast, Che Mlanda could not hold back any longer. He rose into the air and flashed over the heads of the other birds and lit on the right hand of the good spirit.

“Let me be next! Me next!” he chirped. “Save all the rest of the scarlet and gold for me!”

Now Mulungu did not like such impatience, so he set the robin quietly down with a dab of scarlet on his breast and dipping his brush in a pot of brown paint drew it quickly over every feather on Che Mlanda's body.

To be sure, it was a beautiful brown paint, but it was brown just the same and not at all what the little bird wanted.

"There," Mulungu laughed. "Hop down now and show yourself." And behold, every feather on Che Mlanda's body was colored a dark, even brown.

Of course, Che was very much disappointed and he still is; for he fusses around all the time, complaining about Mulungu.

—JOSEPH B. EGAN

THE GOOD CITIZENS' CLUB

A class formed a club to practice everyday citizenship. One rule was: Be patient when patience is needed. Patience shows self-control. Here are some of the things the club did:

1. Planted seeds in a flower box. The secretary of the club kept a record showing how much the plants grew each day. It took these plants four months to grow flowers.

2. Painted a picture showing farmers sowing seeds. Each member of the club did some of the painting. It took three weeks to finish the picture.

3. Planned, wrote, and gave a play in the assembly. The play was "The Impatient Bird." They worked one month before they could give the play.

Here are more rules which the club made:

1. Wait your turn in line to get a drink, to play a game, to use the swings, to get lunch.
2. If the teacher is busy, wait until she has finished what she is doing before speaking to her.
3. Even if you know the right answer, wait until the pupil reciting has finished doing his part.
4. If you cannot do a problem, try it again; if you are still unable to do it, ask the teacher to help you.
5. If the fire gong rings in the middle of an interesting lesson, do not wait one moment. Do your part at once in the fire drill. Remember that fire drills are needed for safety in case of fire.

GOOD MANNERS AND SELF-CONTROL

NINE RULES FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON

1. Control yourself; without self-control good manners are impossible.
2. Speak not injurious words, even in jest.
3. Speak not of mournful things at the table.
4. When another is speaking, do not annoy him or the audience.
5. When talking do not point at the person of whom you are speaking.
6. Do not gaze at the cripple, halting, nor ask him how he came so to be.
7. Do not talk of unpleasant things when in the presence of one sick or in pain. Neither tell about

your own good times, because you will make the sufferer realize what he has lost.

8. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise; nor drum with fingers or feet.

9. Play not the peacock, looking about to see whether your clothes speak handsomely.

MORE RULES OF POLITENESS

A polite person shows respect for others. A boy should lift his hat and bow when he meets a lady.

Since good manners mean "thinking about the comfort of others first," good manners at the table need much self-control. For example: a boy who is hungry wants to hurry to his seat, but good table manners make him wait until the others are seated.

Only a few rules are given here. Try to add to them.

1. Break a slice of bread; hold a piece with the fingers resting on the edge of your plate, and spread it with butter.

2. Keep the lips closed when chewing food.

3. Never try to talk when you have food in your mouth.

4. Always remove a spoon from a cup, and lay it in the saucer.

5. Never pile food on a fork with a knife.

6. Never rise from the table before the hostess rises.

Play "Dinner Party." Who will be the host? Who will be the hostess?

THE KNIGHTS OF THE SILVER SHIELD

This story will remind you of "The Boy Who Kept the Gates," because courage and obedience are a part of self-control. After you read this story, tell why this is so.

* * *

I

In a dark forest stood a great gray castle. Its high stone walls and tall towers could be seen miles away, over the tree-tops. All around the castle there was a deep moat or ditch full of water. The only way to enter the castle was over a narrow drawbridge that led to the gate.

It was the home of a company of knights. The king had sent them there to protect travelers from the cruel giants who lived in the forest.

These knights were the chosen men of the king's army. They were wonderful to behold. They wore suits of armor, and metal helmets with red plumes. They were armed with long spears, and carried heavy shields. The shields were the most wonderful part of their armor because they had been made by a great magician. They were dull and cloudy when first given to the knights, but they grew brighter and brighter whenever their owners did a brave deed.

Once in a long while, when a knight had done a very brave deed, a beautiful golden star would appear in the center of his shield.

One day a messenger came riding up to the castle in great haste, shouting, "The giants are coming!"



What a wild time there was in the castle! There was a great hurrying and scurrying to bolt and bar all doors and windows, to polish armor, and to get everything ready for battle.

The youngest knight of all, Sir Roland, was so happy that he did not know what to do. He had done many brave deeds already, and he was thinking how much brighter his shield would be now that he had a chance to go into a real battle. He could hardly wait!

At length, the knights were ready. Sir Roland could scarcely keep his feet still, so anxious was he to be off; but the lord of the castle said to him:

“Somebody must stay to guard the gate. Sir

Roland, you are the youngest. You must stay. And remember! Do not let anyone enter!"

Poor Sir Roland! Imagine how he felt. He felt as if he would rather die! But he was a real knight; not a murmur escaped his lips.

He even tried to smile as he stood at the gate and watched all the other knights ride away with their banners flying, their armor flashing in the sunshine, their red plumes waving in the wind. Oh, how he did want to go! He watched till they had galloped out of sight. Then he began his march, to and fro, before the castle gate.

II

After a long while, one of the knights came limping back from the battle.

"It's a dreadful fight," he said. "I think you ought to go and help. I've been wounded, but I'll guard the gate while you are gone."

The truth was that he was not a very brave knight and was rather glad to get away from the battle. Sir Roland's heart became happy again, for he thought, "Here is my chance!" and he was just about to start, when suddenly he seemed to hear a voice, "You stay to guard the gate. And remember! Don't let anyone enter!" So instead of going, he said:

"I cannot let anyone in, not even you. I must stay to guard the gate. Your place is at the battle."

It was very hard to give such an answer, when he wanted to go to the battle more than he wanted anything else in the world.

After the knight had gone, there was nothing for him to do but to wonder how the fight was going and to wish that he was in the midst of it.

III

Soon he saw a little, bent old woman coming along the road. The little old woman came up to Sir Roland and asked if she might go into the castle to get something to eat. Sir Roland said, "Nobody may come in today; but I will have food brought."

So he called one of the servants, and while she waited, the old woman began to talk.

"There's a terrible fight in the forest," she said.

"How is it going?" Sir Roland asked.

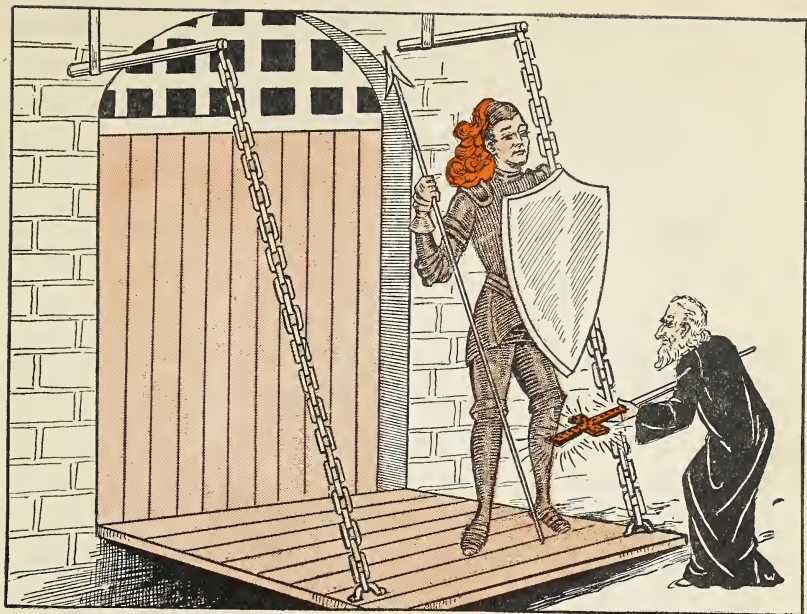
"Badly for the knights," she replied. "It's a wonder to me that you are not out there fighting, instead of standing here doing nothing."

"I have to guard the gate," said Sir Roland.

"Hm-m-m," said the old woman. "I guess you are one of those knights who don't like to fight. I guess you are glad of an excuse to stay home." And she laughed.

Sir Roland was so angry that he opened his lips to answer; then he remembered that she was old. So he closed them, and gave her the food. Then she went away.

Now, since he knew that the knights were losing the battle, he wanted to help them more than ever. Besides, it was no fun to be laughed at and called a coward!



IV

Soon a queer little old man came up the road. He wore a long black cloak and he called out to Sir Roland, "What a lazy knight! Why aren't you at the battle? See, I've brought you a magic sword."

From under his cloak he pulled a glittering sword.

"If you take this to the fight, you will win for your lord. Nothing can stand before it."

Sir Roland reached for the sword, and the old man stepped on the drawbridge. Suddenly the knight remembered. "No!" he cried so loudly that the little old man stepped back, but as he did so he called out, "Take it! It is the sword of all swords! It is for you!"

Sir Roland, fearing that he might want to take it, called the porters to pull up the drawbridge.

As he watched from the gate, he could scarcely believe his eyes. The little old man began to grow and grow, until he became a giant! Then Sir Roland knew that he had almost let one of the enemy into the castle.

V

For a while everything was quiet. No noise of the battle reached Sir Roland's ears, strain them as he might. Then suddenly came the sound of the galloping of horses' hoofs. Soon the knights came riding toward the castle so happily that Sir Roland knew that they had won the battle. Before long all were inside the great wall, talking together about the brave deeds that had been done.

The lord of the castle sat on his high seat with his knights around him. As Sir Roland stepped up to give him the key of the gate, one of the knights suddenly cried, "The shield! Sir Roland's shield!" for there, shining in the center, was a beautiful golden star, unseen by Sir Roland because he was holding the shield in front of him. But all the others looked and wondered; and the lord of the castle asked, "What happened? Did the giants come? Did you fight any alone?"

"No," said Sir Roland. "Only one came, but he soon went away."

"Tell me all," demanded the lord of the castle.

So Sir Roland told about the little old woman and

the little old man, but the knights still wondered about the star. Then the lord of the castle said, "Men make mistakes, but our shields never do. Sir Roland has fought and won the greatest battle of all today."

—RAYMOND M. ALDEN (Adapted)

Winning a Battle

1. How many times was Sir Roland tempted to do as he wished?
2. What might have happened, if he had not guarded the gate?
3. Which knight gained the greatest victory of all? Why?
4. Who was his enemy?

Playing the Story

There can be five acts, one for each part of the story.

How many pupils will be needed?

Who should play the part of Sir Roland?

Who will make the costumes, the shields, and the scenery?

EVERYDAY SELF-CONTROL

Finish each story. Tell the best way to show self-control.

1. The teacher is called from the room. She asks Mary to take charge.
2. Harry accidentally runs into Tom, a big boy. They both fall down.
3. The class loses a game to the next-door class. John made most of the mistakes.

4. The class is busy at work. Fire engines speed by, sounding sirens and bells.

5. The teacher leaves the room with a sick child. There is not time to put anyone in charge.

6. Tom trips on his way to the front of the room. He falls against Albert who is writing. Ink spills on Albert's paper.

7. A visitor comes into the room with a small child who is very restless.

8. Mary's paper is handed back to her. It is not neat. The teacher asks her to do her work over again.

9. The good citizens' club is holding a meeting. Tom, the chairman, is in the middle of his report. Harry thinks that Tom's report is wrong.

10. Richard is the strongest boy in school. He was once on the safety patrol but was taken off for being late for duty. Dick, a small boy, has his place. Dick tells Richard at the corner to wait for the signal before crossing.

11. Harry says that Tom has his pencil. Tom says he bought it at the corner store.

12. Jane fell and hurt her knee. It pains her.

13. Laura is being scolded for tearing the evening newspaper. Her little brother really did it.

14. The class team loses the spelling bee to the class next door. It was Joe's errors that made them lose.

15. Lillian stammers. She is giving a talk at the front of the room.

THE USEFUL CITIZEN SHOWS PERSISTENCE

How? When? Where? Why?

THE GOLDEN FORTUNE

THE TWO BROTHERS

Once a farmer lived with his two sons in a hut at the edge of a clearing. A low stone wall ran through the middle of the clearing, dividing it into two fields—the north field and the south field.

One day the father called his sons to him. “I am dying,” he told them. “When I am gone, all my golden fortune will be yours. Use it wisely; then both of you will be happy.”

“Golden fortune!” cried the younger son. “I thought we were among the poorest people.”

“No, my son, we are not poor,” the father replied. “I have divided my treasure equally between you, but you will have to find it. Your half is hidden in the south field, and yours,” he said, turning to the older son, “is in the north field.”

Soon after their father’s death, the sons began to dig in the fields with all their might. The older one dug so deeply that his brother laughed at him.

“If you go to such pains,” he said, “it will take you until frost to get anywhere. Father couldn’t have hidden the treasure very deep. He was too feeble.”

“That may be,” was the reply, “but I remember

that he used to tell us, 'What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.' I know that he was right."

"Think as you like," said his young brother, "but I shall be over my entire field before you go half way."

Very soon his words came true. Before the older son had dug half over the north field, the younger son had dug all across the south field except under a clump of bushes in the far corner. He had found nothing.

"I am not going to bother to dig there," he said, throwing down his spade. "The ground looks as if it had never been touched. I think Father was fooling us."

But the older son kept on digging just as deeply, day after day, hour in and hour out.

Some time later he was surprised to see his brother dressed for a journey.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am going to seek my fortune," was the reply. "I think you are foolish to waste your time here."

It so happened that just as these words were spoken, the older son's spade hit something hard—tap, tap, tap. At the sound both boys began to dig furiously, and soon they saw a strong iron box. It was bound with heavy ropes by which it was lifted. With feverish haste they opened it.

Inside there was another box, of wood, tightly sealed. Using a heavy knife they cut it open, and found what do you think? Grains of wheat—nothing but golden grains of wheat, search as they might.



“Was I not right?” cried the younger son. “Father had lost his senses. Good-by, I am off. Are you coming with me?”

The brother shook his head. “No,” he said, “since the ground is dug up, I may as well plant the wheat.”

“A fool for your pains!” said the other. “Such treasure! Anybody is welcome to my share of father’s fortune. I go to see the world.”

And without further talk, the younger son was off down the road, with his clothing in a bundle on a stick across his shoulder. He turned at the end of the lane and waved his hand. “When you see me again you’ll wish that you had come along,” he shouted.

His brother watched him until he was lost to sight.

Then he went into the barn and harnessed himself to a harrow, for the family was too poor to keep a horse. To and fro, up and down, he dragged the harrow, hour in and hour out, until the soil was all crumbled and soft.

When he had finished sowing the wheat in his own field, he thought he might as well take his brother at his word; so he set about digging the south field as deeply as he had dug the north one.

Day in, day out he labored, but it did not take so long because of the digging his brother had done. Yet he did not find any strong box.

He came to the clump of bushes. "The ground doesn't look as if anything is hidden there," he thought, "but it's worth trying, anyway," and he set to work with a will. Under the farthest bush he came upon a box exactly like the one he had found in the north field—filled with grains of wheat. These he planted in the south field as he sang:

"Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seeds, dry and brown,
Turn out wheat or clover."

And the sun shone and the rain fell, and wheat began to grow. Birds came to pull the tender plants and eat the grains of wheat, but the watchful farmer drove them away. So the wheat grew five inches, ten inches, twenty inches tall, and its long-bearded tassels swayed in the breezes.



I CANNOT LEAVE

One day a party of young people came to his door. "Come with us to the fair," they said.

He shook his head. "I cannot leave my fields."

"How silly!" exclaimed a young girl. "The wheat can take care of itself."

Still he refused and on they went, singing and laughing. That very afternoon a herd of cattle broke into the fields, but the young man drove them off in time to save his wheat.

After harvesting, he took his grain to market and sold it at a high price.

When the next planting time came, he was able to buy a plow and hire a horse; and he rented a

third field. He tended all with the same care that he had taken at first. That year he saved enough money to buy the horse and the field that he had rented.

Every year he worked faithfully, and every year his profits grew until he had enough savings in the bank to build a new house in place of his father's hut.

FIVE YEARS LATER

One evening about five years after his father's death, he was standing in front of his new home. A ragged fellow came slouching up the lane. The dog which was lying at his master's feet growled. Something about the man stirred the farmer's heart. He felt sorry for him.

"Down!" he ordered the dog.

Without looking up, the tramp murmured something about not having had anything to eat for two days.

"Go to the kitchen," said the farmer, "and after you have had a meal, you may stay here if you wish. We need hands for harvesting. What is your name?"

As the tramp gave his name, the farmer sprang up to greet him.

"Welcome, brother!" he exclaimed. "Welcome!"

"You!" cried the man. "You! All this is yours!" He waved his hand toward the fields. "And you found the fortune in my field was a great fortune, did you?"



The brother shook his head. "I found your fortune indeed," he replied.

"You must give it up to me!" said the tramp.

"That I will!" said the farmer. "I will fill your box with grains of wheat just as it was when I dug it up. And what is more, I will lend you a horse and a plow. If you will work hard, you too will have a fine home and lands."

Finish the Story

What did the tramp do? Did he go away again? Did he plant the grains of wheat? Did he stick to his task? Did he *persevere*? If you answer these questions, you will be able to finish the story. Write the ending as you think it should be.

Find the True Sentences

1. The father did not leave his sons a ready-made fortune.
2. One brother grew rich because he did not work.
3. It is best to keep on trying.
4. The farmer worked only on clear days.
5. The farmer frightened the birds away from the growing wheat.

OUT OF DARKNESS

I

Down in Alabama one lovely day in June, 1880, a little baby was born. She came into as bright a home as ever a baby entered.

For nineteen months she made the home happy. She was much like any other baby. She had two good blue eyes, two pretty pink ears, and an eager, prattling tongue. For a year and a half she caught sight of broad green fields, bright skies, trees and flowers, and heard the loved voices of her parents, the songs of birds, the whisper of the breezes.

Then came a terrible illness. The doctor thought that she could not live. However, the fever that had raged through the child's body left her as suddenly as it had come. Perhaps you can understand how glad the family was then, but they did not know that the fever had done great harm. Never again would little Helen Keller see or hear. She must live the rest of her life as if she were shut in a dark, silent room.

When the doors of the room closed, she had not learned to talk. She was too young. The doors, as you already know, were her eyes and ears, and the dark room was her body. She had no words to use when she wanted anything, but her bright little mind



Helen and Miss Sullivan

had great need of words. All babies learn to talk by hearing other people talk. Little Helen could not hear one sound, so she could not learn any words.

There was only one way in which she could make her wants known. She could make motions. She learned to shake her head if she meant "No"; she gave a pull to mean "Come," and a push if she wanted you to go. She had no other way of talking. She could not even use the alphabet of deaf people, because she could not see the fingers of her friends.

As she grew older, she became more lonely in her silence and darkness. She so much wanted to make herself understood that she would often become sad because of her helplessness. It seemed as if there were no hope. It seemed as if she must always be sitting and waiting in silence and darkness.

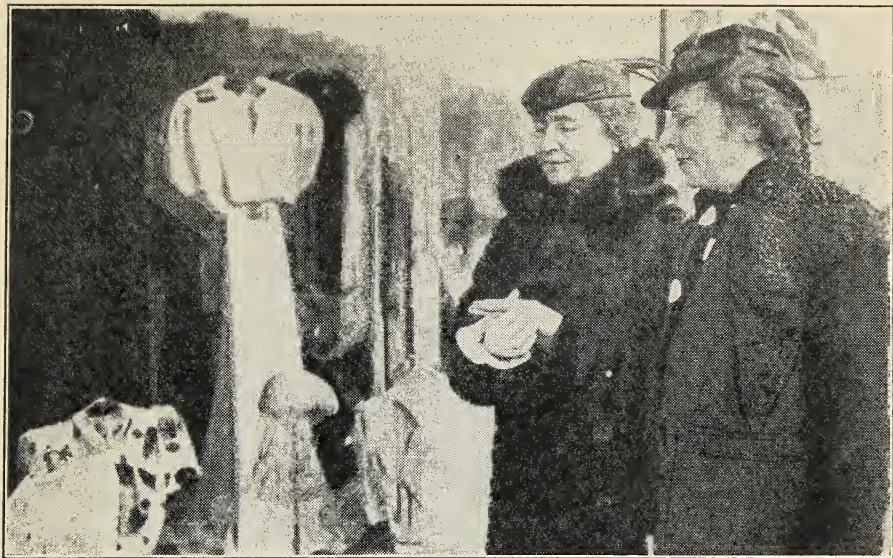
But there was hope! Little Helen's parents were not the kind of people who give up easily. They were always seeking a way to help their daughter. One day Captain Keller took Helen to Washington to see Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. Doctor Bell had been a teacher of the deaf, but he could not help the deaf and blind child. He was very sad because of this. Yet he gave encouragement to her father. He said if the right teacher could be found, she might open the one window left in little Helen's dark room. That was the window of *touch*.

So it came about that when Helen was seven years old, a wonderful young woman came to her home from the Perkins Institution for the Blind in Boston. Her name was Anne Sullivan.

Now, it is real work to teach children who have good eyes and ears, but it is very hard to teach a child who has neither. It seemed almost impossible that Miss Sullivan could do much for Helen. But Miss Sullivan was not the kind of person who gives up easily. And because she was filled with love and pity for the little girl, she kept on trying and trying to teach her.

II

You must wonder how she began. Have you ever listened to the click of a telegraph? "Click-clack, click-clack" it goes. One short "click" and one long "clack" means A. Every letter of the



Helen Keller and her companion in Paris

alphabet is known to the telegraph operator by the lengths of the “click” and “clack.” By pressing her fingers in the palm of Helen’s hand Miss Sullivan taught her in some such way, the alphabet of touch. She put a doll in her arms, then spelled “d-o-l-l” in the little girl’s hand. And after a long, long time Helen learned the names of the things about her, then the names of her teacher and parents, then the names of her pets, the chickens, the dog and her puppies, and hundreds of other names.

“My heart is singing for joy,” Miss Sullivan wrote to a friend.

Helen was so anxious to learn that she gave her teacher little time for rest. After she had learned many words, she wanted to write a letter very much.

It was then that Miss Sullivan taught her *Braille*, the kind of printing which is used by blind people.

A little later Miss Sullivan taught Helen to write "square-hand" letters. Miss Keller uses this kind of lettering even today.

"I want to learn more and more and more," the little girl spelled into her teacher's hand, and later when in college, she wrote, "I want to get as much as possible out of my studies, for I have come out of the darkness into the great light of knowledge."

The Story of My Life, by Helen Keller, is a most interesting book. Perhaps you will borrow it from the library.

TRY AGAIN

This is a very good poem to memorize. It may help you to try, try again. If you decide to learn this poem, keep at it until you do it.

* * *

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again!

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should we do in that case?
Try again!

If you find your task is hard,
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why, with patience, may not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again!

—WILLIAM EDWARD HICKSON

Trying and Memorizing

1. Above this poem you read: "If you decide to learn this poem, keep at it until you do it." What is the best way to memorize a poem?

2. Tell how you gave up doing a task that seemed too hard for you. Did you try again? What happened?

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If these things were true about you, what would you do?

1. You have tried three times to make a drawing of a bird. Each time you have spoiled it.

2. You have made an airplane model. It will not fly.

3. You have made a small radio set. It will not work.

4. You know your poem well, but when you stand before the class you forget it.

5. You find multiplication with a zero in the numbers hard to do.

6. You are trying to beat your own record in spelling. For two weeks you are still in the same place.

7. You are slow in getting dressed. Often you are almost late for school.

8. You have been turned down twice for the safety patrol.

9. You have not been elected president of the class, although you were nominated.

10. You are ten pounds underweight.

11. You have made a kite. It will not fly.

12. You have trouble in learning how to float in the swimming pool.

13. You get ink on your fingers when you write with pen and ink.

14. You have a quick temper. It often gets you into trouble.

15. You are taking piano lessons. You are expected to practice at least a half hour each day. You tire easily.

16. You have asked people for "after-school" work in order to earn money. None have promised it.

THE MAGIC MASK

AN UGLY FACE

Many years ago, a little prince was born in a country far across the sea. He had long been wished for, and there was great joy when he came.

As you may suppose, he was given everything for which a child could ask. Indeed, if he was denied anything, he set up such a cry that the servants ran in haste to bring him what he wanted.

If anyone tried to reason with him, he frowned and stamped his foot. He threw himself into such a rage that his whole face became so ugly that little children ran away from him.

By and by the time came when his father the king died and the prince took his place. Then he began to think of a beautiful princess he had once met. The more he thought about her, the more he wanted her to become his wife. No one else was half so fair and lovely to his eyes.

One day he made up his mind to go to see the princess. He bade his servants dress him in his royal robes and his jeweled crown.

"How do I look?" he asked them.

"Very handsome, your majesty," they said.

The king saw himself in the glass and was pleased with his beautiful clothes. Then he caught sight of his face.

"Tell me," he said, "am I as ugly as that?" But no one dared to answer. Then the king knew that it was so.



“Oh,” he thought, “my face will frighten the princess! What shall I do?”

In a fit of anger he sent all his servants away.

After a while he rang a bell, and a page answered.

“Tell the groom to saddle my best steed and bring it to the palace steps.”

Quickly the horse was saddled; quickly the king was mounted. Over hill and dale, through forest and stream, the king rode on and on and on until he came to the home of Herlo, the magician.

Three times he knocked at the door before a deep voice bade him enter. The king opened the door and went in.

“I know your errand,” said Herlo. “You want

the princess Viola for a wife, and you fear she will not marry you."

"How can she, when she sees my face?" said the king. "I have come to ask for help. Can you do anything for me?"

"Yes, I can, if you will do as I shall tell you."

The king was very glad, and he promised to do everything that the magician bade him do.

"Very well," said Herlo. "I will make you a magic mask. It will be exactly the shape of your face, and no one will know that you are wearing it except yourself. I shall paint it with my magic paint so that you always will look kind and pleasant."

"Make it," said the king. "I will pay you any price you ask."

"This I can do only with your help," Herlo said. "One angry frown will crack the mask and ruin it, and I never can make you another.

"You must not lose your temper," Herlo went on. "You must think kind thoughts. You must try to make people happy."

"I promise to try to do all these things," the king answered.

"The mask will be ready in five days," said Herlo. The king rode away with happiness in his heart.

KIND EYES AND SMILING LIPS

The magic mask was ready when the king came again, and Herlo tried it on his face. It fitted exactly. Even the magician hardly knew him.

Gone was the ugly scowl; gone, the frown between his eyes. In their place were kind eyes and smiling lips.

Again the king went away with happiness in his heart, for he had seen his changed face in a glass.

The next day he rode to the home of the lovely princess. She thought him all that her heart desired, and promised to become his wife.

A NEW FACE

One wonderful day in the springtime they were married. Two years sped quickly away. You would think that the king was perfectly happy, wouldn't you? But he was not, for one thing troubled him.

When the queen smiled at his kind words and good deeds, he would think, "My dear wife does not know the kind of fellow I am."

At last he could bear it no longer, and one day he rode for the third time to the home of the magician, Herlo. And again Herlo met him at the door. The king said:

"O Herlo, I have come to ask you to take back your magic mask. I must not wear it any longer, because I cannot bear to deceive my wife, who thinks me so kind and good."

"I warn you," said Herlo, "that if I take off the magic mask, you never can have it back."

"I know," said the king, "but it is better to be my own true self than to live behind a false face."



How sad the king felt

The magician took off the mask, and bade the king Godspeed.

You can understand how sad the king felt as he rode home this time. But can you imagine his joy when he looked into the glass and saw his own face? The ugly frown and cruel lines were gone. And when he came into the presence of the queen, she saw no difference in him.

—OLD TALE (Retold)

Persevering

1. How did the king show his perseverance?
2. What might have happened if the king had not kept on trying to “mend his ways”?
3. What did Herlo tell the king to do? Find the part of the story which tells this.
4. What is the main idea of the story? Write it in one sentence.
5. What kind of face is most pleasing? Why?
6. Would you like the class to act this story? What part do you wish to take?

THE CLOCK THAT WOULD NOT RUN

Sometimes people will not do their best work unless they get the attention of others all the time. This is true in the classroom and at home. It was true of the clock in this story. Read to find out how it changed its mind.

* * *

"Whir-r-r," said Grandfather Clock, which was a signal for the family to look up and listen to him strike. But the family did not look up because Father, Mother, Mary, and Jim were listening to the radio. More loudly than ever the clock boomed out one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight times. Still the family did not look up, but went right on listening to the radio.

"I never get any attention now that the radio lives here, too. All these years I have been ticking off the minutes and booming out the hours. Until the radio arrived, people always looked up at me respectfully when I struck, but now nobody ever notices. I might just as well stop."

So it stopped just where it was, at five minutes past eight. The radio went right on playing.

"KOA now signing off at two minutes past ten, Mountain Standard Time," announced the radio. The clock gave a grunt of disgust.

"Why, I had no idea it was so late," said Mother. "Children, get to bed at once."

Father yawned and looked toward the clock, but just then Mother asked, "Did you turn off the

radio?" so he forgot about looking at the clock. Instead, he pressed a little button on the wall and Old Man Darkness swallowed up the room with one gulp.

All through the long night the clock was sullen and mute.

"I'll never tick another tick," he said over and over to himself, "because no one pays any attention to me."

The next morning Mary and Jim were playing in the living room.

"Isn't it time for you to go to school?" came Mother's voice.

Both children looked at the clock. "Not quite, Mother, it is only five minutes after eight." And the children ran into the yard and practiced kicking the football.

Later Father came into the living room, took up his hat and looked at the clock.

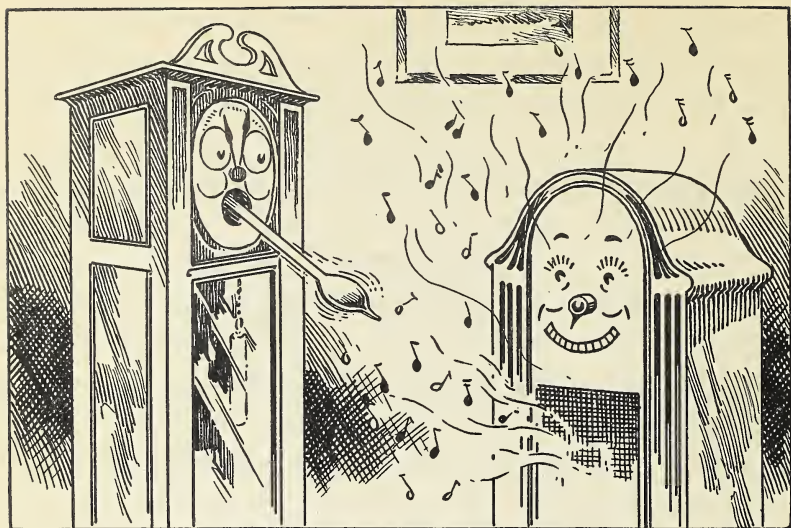
"Why, it's earlier than I thought," he called from the doorway. "I think I'll walk down after all."

"All right, dear," came Mother's voice. "Good-by."

"Oh, Mother, I was late to school this morning," mourned Mary that afternoon. "Now I can't get a perfect report."

"I was afraid that you would be, dear. The clock stopped."

Jim came in shortly. "Mother, what do you think?" His mouth drooped and his voice was sad.



“I never get any attention”

“I was fifteen minutes late this morning and missed my test, and teacher said she wasn’t sure that she could give it again. If she doesn’t, it means zero and I’ll lose my place on the football team. Our clock must have been wrong.”

“It stopped, dear. I’m so sorry.”

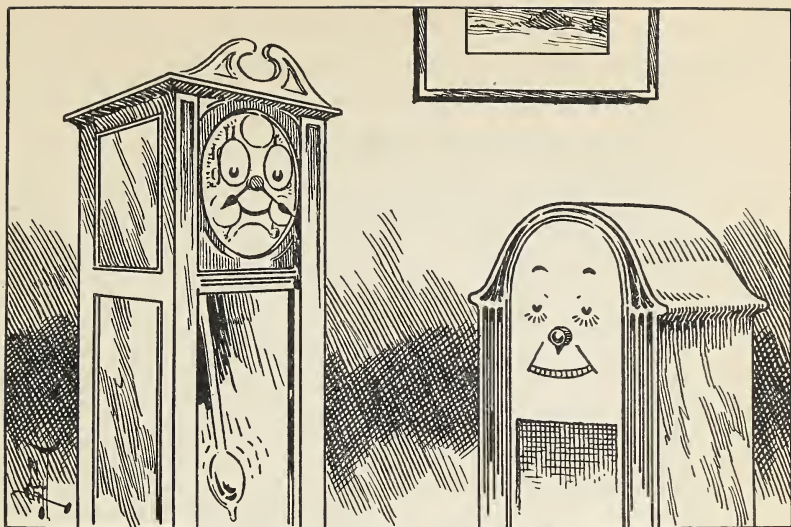
Just then Father came in but he didn’t seem his usual cheery self.

“What is the matter?” asked Mother.

“The contract went to another firm. All because I was thirty minutes late for my appointment.”

“Oh, the clock stopped,” said Mother.

“I suppose the old thing is worn out,” said Father. “If it is, we’ll have to throw it out even if it has been in the family for years. We can’t have a clock that won’t keep time.”



The clock ticked on joyfully

“Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,” whispered the clock, now thoroughly frightened and thoroughly ashamed.

“It’s running now,” said Father. “I’ll look it over and see what is the matter with it. Perhaps I forgot to wind it Saturday night.”

He wound and set it.

“I hope,” Father spoke in softened tones, “it isn’t worn out. Home wouldn’t seem like home without it.”

“Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,” sang the clock joyfully. “I know now that the only way to be happy is to do my work cheerfully whether people notice me or not. I was jealous of the radio but I’m not going to be any more. I’ll enjoy it myself when I am not too busy striking.”

Keeping at It

Choose the right ending for each sentence.

1. While listening to the radio the family
paid no attention to the clock.
sang songs.
talked about the weather.
2. Mary and Jim
went to school early.
went to the country.
were late for school.
3. When Father came home, he
laughed and was jolly.
was not his usual cheery self.
sang a song.
4. The old clock was
worn out.
lazy.
jealous.
5. The clock learned to
broadcast.
work whether or not it was noticed.
go to sleep.

THE BOY WHO IS WANTED EVERYWHERE

A merchant put into his store window a sign, "Boy Wanted." Before long, not one boy but a dozen boys came in. All looked neat and seemed to be fine lads.

The merchant wanted a boy, but he could not tell which of the boys he wanted. As he was trying to think how to decide, he saw a nail driven halfway

into a post. It gave him an idea and, turning to the group, he said, "The first boy who hits that nail on the head two times out of three gets the job."

The boys tried in turn but the hammer seemed to fall everywhere but on the head of the nail, which really was placed in a position rather hard to hit. The merchant dismissed the boys, but left the sign in the window.

The next morning another group of boys was lined up before his store. Noticing a face that looked familiar, he asked its owner, "Weren't you here yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Well, do you think you can hit the nail on the head today?"

"I think I can," was the reply as the boy took the hammer. With a sure aim he brought blows down that hit the nail on the head every time.

"How does it happen that you missed the nail every time yesterday and hit it every time today?" asked the merchant.

"It doesn't just happen, sir," said the boy. "After I went home I drove a nail in a post and practiced all the afternoon till I could hit it every time. Then this morning I practiced again."

"The job is yours," said the merchant. "The boy who keeps on trying until he can do a thing is the kind I want in my store."

THE USEFUL CITIZEN IS THRIFTY

How? When? Where? Why?

THE STORY OF MONEY

It was Tom's tenth birthday. Uncle Jim gave him two dollars for a birthday gift. This is what Tom did with the two dollars.

1. In his savings account he deposited	\$1.00
2. To the Red Cross collection he gave25
3. For his mother he bought a calendar pad20
4. For himself he bought two pencils10
5. He treated his sister to movies and ice cream45
Total	\$2.00

In this way Tom saved a part of the money, spent some of it, and gave some of it away. However, if Tom had lived in the very early days of history, his uncle could not have given him any money at all, for there was none. Instead of two dollars, he would have given him shells, silk, or salt. But let us try to understand this.

In early times. In very early times when people began to trade the things they had raised or made, they found that they needed something to use for money. At first they used different things—shells, silk, tobacco, sugar, salt, stones, and many other articles. Today in some places these are still used instead of real money.

The first people to make coins were the Lydians, who lived long ago near the Mediterranean Sea. Their king ordered coins made. On one side was printed how much they weighed, and on the other side a picture of the king. The early Romans used cows for money for a while, and then made a coin with a picture of a cow on it. This was much easier to handle in trade than the real cow. Imagine taking a cow with you every time you wanted to buy something!

Today in the United States. Today in all civilized countries the governments attend to the coining of money. Uncle Jim does not have to bother with shells, cows, or salt. He can carry money in his wallet or his pocket. In the United States there are three *mints*, as our coin factories are called. If Uncle Jim and Tom visited a mint, they would see coins made in them, such as:

Silver coins: Ten cents, twenty-five cents,
fifty cents, and one dollar.

Nickel coins: Five-cent pieces.

Copper coins: One-cent pieces.

Our government has a Bureau of Engraving at Washington. Here paper money is made of different values, such as one-, two-, five-, ten-, and twenty-dollar bills. There are also fifty-, one hundred-, five hundred-, and one thousand-dollar bills. The paper and design used in making these bills are of a special kind, hard to imitate.



U. S. currency printing room

Our government always has to watch for counterfeiters, who try to make paper money and coins just like the bills printed in Washington or the money coined in the mints. Many counterfeiters have been caught and sent to prison.

In place of goods. Money is of little value in itself. It is useful only because it enables us to obtain food to eat, clothing to wear, houses to live in, and to enjoy the good things of life.

Just think what would happen if there were no such thing as money. Imagine that you are working for a baker. At the end of each week pay day comes; if there were no money, the baker might pay you



U. S. currency examination room

three hundred loaves of bread for your week's work. You would then have more bread than you would know what to do with. But perhaps you might need a coat or shoes. You offer the tailor or shoemaker some of the bread for a coat or for shoes. That is, you try to exchange loaves of bread for other things that you need. What a very troublesome thing to do!

It was to overcome this kind of trouble that money was invented. Money stands for labor or goods. The baker is able to pay a helper for his work with money which he can carry in his pocket. And with this money the worker can buy whatever he needs.

Money enables him to leave in the bakery the loaves of bread which he has earned, and to buy a loaf as he needs it. Money, then, takes the place of goods, because it can be exchanged for them.

Using Money Wisely

1. What did Tom do with his money? Tell why this was a wise use of it.

2. Tell what you would do with five dollars of your own.

3. If you receive an *allowance* each week, write three sentences telling what you do with it.

4. What is the meaning of the story of King Midas? Your class may want to make a play of this story. Where can you find a copy of it?

5. Did your class give anything to the Red Cross when asked to do so? What did they do to help others during the Christmas holidays? Thanksgiving Day?

6. What does this mean: "Money in a bank goes to work every day"?

7. Have you ever earned money? Tell how.

8. What is a *budget*? Look for the word in your dictionary if you do not know its meaning.

9. What is meant by "saving for a rainy day"?

10. Do you have a coin collection? Perhaps your class would like to hold a coin exhibition.

THE THRIFT CLUB

In a large city school one class formed a Thrift Club. They made up the fifteen rules which are shown on page 83. How many of them do you follow? What can you add to the list?

THRIFT IN THE CARE OF CLOTHING

1. Keep your clothing clean and in good repair.
2. Arrange your clothes neatly before putting them away.
3. Try not to "over-dress."
4. Watch your cap, sweater, coat, and other clothing to avoid losing them.
5. Mark your clothing and other belongings with your name or initials.

THRIFT IN THE CARE OF THE BODY

1. Save your eyes by reading in a good light.
2. Spare your feet by avoiding a jump from high places to concrete walks.
3. Clean your teeth after each meal.
4. Bathe often.
5. Keep well by eating just enough.

THRIFT IN MONEY MATTERS

1. Save a part of your money and open a savings account.
2. Spend money wisely.
3. Avoid the habit of borrowing.
4. Save money by spending less for ice cream, chewing gum, and the movies.
5. Be generous with your savings at the right time.

Rules are good things, if followed. Which of the rules of the Thrift Club do you need to practice carefully? Which rules do you wish to have explained more fully?

START A BANK ACCOUNT

The first dollar is the hardest to save, but not so hard as it seems.

If you save five cents a week, you will have your first dollar in twenty weeks.

If you save ten cents a week, you will have your first dollar in half the time or in ten weeks.

If you are able to save twenty-five cents a week, you will have your first dollar in one fifth of the time, or in four weeks.

If you save regularly, it will not be long before you have another dollar to add to the one already in the bank.

Money is saved a little at a time.

If you save at the rate of five cents a week for a year, how much money will you have in the bank?

If at the rate of ten cents a week for a year, how much will you have?

By and by, you will want a sum of money for some important thing. Then you will be glad that you have a bank account to help you. Why not begin saving it today?

Why should people not spend all that they earn?

Something to Do

1. Write a short story, telling about the money you saved one time. If you earned the money, tell what kind of work you did.

2. Make a list of things that might be saved in your home; in school. What is meant by "Fat in the garbage pail, lean on the table."



PUTTING A PRICE ON TIME

A customer who came one day to Benjamin Franklin's little book shop in Philadelphia asked the clerk the price of a book that he wanted to buy. The clerk told him the price was one dollar.

"One dollar!" said the man. "Surely you have made a mistake. Will you ask Mr. Franklin to step here?"

"He is very busy just now in the pressroom," said the clerk.

The man, however, insisted on seeing the owner, and the clerk went to call him. Franklin hurried out of the printing office back of the store to see what was wanted.

"What is the lowest price you will take for this book?" asked the customer.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt answer.

"A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk asked me only a dollar for it just now."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar than to leave my work to get a dollar and a quarter now"; and he went back to the pressroom.

The man, who seemed in doubt as to whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest, asked to see him again. After a few minutes Franklin appeared.

"Come, Mr. Franklin," the man coaxed, "please tell me the lowest price of this book."

"One dollar and a half," was the reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, you just offered it to me for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, I know," said Franklin, "but you see I am not asking that price for the book only; I am charging for my time."

The man laid the money on the counter and without another word left the store with the book.

Can You Answer These

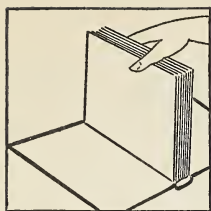
Why did the man leave the book shop without another word?

What is meant by "Time is money?"

When is *your* time valuable?

Tell a story with this thought; "I wish I had tightened the nut on my bicycle before I started for a ride."

THRIFT WITH BOOKS



When you are given a game, you read the rules of the game before you play it. In the same way, when you get a book, you should think about the proper way of handling it before you use it.

* * *

HOW TO OPEN A NEW BOOK

1. Hold all the pages in your hand, and let the covers rest on the desk.

2. Hold all the pages together with your left hand, and with your right hand press a few of the pages at the back of the book down to the cover. Press these pages down where they are sewed together by moving your fingers back and forth along the page.

3. Now, holding the pages together with your right hand, press a few of the pages at the front of the book down to the cover.

4. Continue to do this to the rest of the pages; it will save the binding of the book.

HOW TO CARE FOR A BOOK

1. Be sure to have clean, dry hands when you use a book.

2. Mark your place in the book with a strip of paper or a string so thin that it will not harm the binding.

3. Close a book when you have finished reading. If you throw it face downward, you may break the binding.

4. When you read a book that is not your own, never write or mark on the pages.

Can You Do This?

Here are five rules that tell you how to care for a book. Each part under I matches some part under II to complete one of the five rules. Write the beginning of the first rule under I. Choose the part under II that goes with that rule. Write it after the part already copied to complete the rule. In the same way write the next four rules.

I

Have clean, dry hands

Mark your place in a book

Close the book

When you read a book that is not your own,

If you open a new book carefully,

II

with a paper or a string.

never write or mark on the pages.

when you use a book.

you save the binding.

when you finish reading.

THINKING ABOUT SAVING

Giving reasons. Talk about any one of these subjects:

1. Helping Oneself
2. The Value of a Savings Account
3. Promptness, a Good Habit
4. The Value of Regular Attendance at School
5. The Value of a Garden

Give three reasons for the point in your talk. Remember to stick to the point.

Write your answer for each question below:

1. Who pays for the supplies you use in school?
2. What can you save besides money?
3. How may you open a savings account at the bank?
4. What is the meaning of "thrift"?

THE CONSUMER

A person who buys and uses goods is called a *consumer*. Whenever you buy something and make use of it, you become a consumer.

Many consumers do not know about the right prices of goods; they do not know how to spend money wisely; they are often misled by false advertisements that are printed in newspapers and broadcast over the radio. Wise people inquire about the values of the things they buy, and try to get goods of good quality at a fair price.

THE USEFUL CITIZEN IS KIND TO ANIMALS

How? When? Where? Why?

TRUE KINDNESS STORIES

In the *School News* of a California school these stories were printed during Kindness Week. All were written by school girls and boys. When you finish reading them, write a short story about some kind act you have done for an animal.

* * *

THE TRAP

Once when Leland Silvas was going down to the creek, he heard a dog howl. He followed the sound. He found a dog caught in a trap. Leland let him loose and broke the trap to pieces. The dog was glad.

THE THORN

June Barber pulled a thorn out of a cat's foot. He was limping, and she did not know why until she looked at his paw.

WINTER BIRDS

In winter a few winter birds live on the roof of Marda Fitzsimmon's house. One morning she heard a noise, and looking out of the window, she saw a bird that looked hungry. She took a piece of bread, and broke it into little pieces. Then she put it outside for the bird. The bird would take a piece and

fly away. Soon he would be back for more. He did this every morning for a long time.

THE NEST

Once when I was up in a tree I saw a bird's nest. When I got down I found a baby bird that had fallen out of the nest. I took a spoon and put it back in the nest. I went into the house and told my mother. She boiled an egg for the little bird. The next day I came out and the egg was all gone.

EDNA'S DOG

Edna Hall's pet dog does all kinds of tricks. He will roll over and sit up and bark "Hello" to Edna when she comes home. He also likes cats. When the Halls had a cat, the dog would take care of it.

A CRYING CAT

One day when I was walking along in an alley, I heard a cat crying. I looked around and saw a cat trying to get loose from a trap. I opened the trap and took its foot out. I saw that the cat had a broken foot so I bandaged it. After about four weeks the cat was all right.

Helping Your Cat

1. Why should a kitten not be given away before it is able to lap milk?

2. If you cannot find a home for a stray cat, what should you do?

3. What does the S. P. C. A. do with a stray animal? What do the letters mean?

4. What did your cat have for breakfast? for dinner?

5. Who feeds your cat when you are away on vacation? Does your family take it with them on vacations?

6. Make some bookmarks telling "How to Care for Cats." Give them to owners of cats.

7. Make an animal scrapbook. On the cover print the words, "Picture Story Zoo," or some other title. In it paste or draw pictures of animals. Paste or write stories under each picture that will tell interesting facts about the animal. At the top of several pages print "Cats and Kittens." Use a large envelope to hold the pictures until they are pasted in your scrapbook zoo.



Contentment



OUR FRIENDS, THE BIRDS

UNCLE SAM'S WORST ENEMIES

Uncle Sam's worst enemies are the insect pests that every year destroy millions of dollars' worth of fruit and grain and other growing foods.

Not all insects are enemies. Many are helpers. Among the helpful insects are the honeybee, the bumblebee, and the butterfly. If there were no such insects to carry pollen from flower to flower, we should soon have no seeds, and the earth would become a barren place.

The insects which are most helpful are those that feed upon the insect pests. The praying mantis, the ladybug, the dragonfly, and the spider are helpers.

We do not, however, have enough helping insects to destroy all insect pests. Even with the most careful spraying of poison on fruit trees, the enemies are increasing. Unless real war is made upon them, there is great danger to our supply of food. Man cannot fight them alone; he needs help.



UNCLE SAM'S BEST SOLDIERS

It seems dreadful to think that the armies of harmful insects are getting ahead in the war which mankind has been fighting against them for so many years. They are winning because so many birds are being killed. Birds are our best helpers in this war because they eat the insects which harm our growing foods. It is said that if all the birds should disappear, every human being would die within a few years.

We need birds to help us fight against harmful insects. Insect-eating birds may be called "Uncle Sam's Best Soldiers."

SAVING OUR FRIENDS

You may think that cats and snakes and other animals kill more birds than men and boys. Read what Edgar Kincaid, a boy thirteen years of age, wrote: "I have read many bird books, and not one of them has mentioned, among the bird's enemies, boys who kill them for no good reason. Some boys

kill several hundred birds in a year, not to count the nestlings left to starve or the eggs that spoil after the death of the mother. Indeed, nesting birds are favorite victims because a bird sitting on the nest does not leave it willingly.

“Those who live in the city will not believe that such a terrible slaughter goes on but it is true. If we could get the boys to stop killing the birds, I believe the birds would start increasing again in spite of the cats.

“Bird books are helping to teach boys that it is not right to kill birds. A friend of mine thought nothing of killing them. I gave him a book entitled, *Birds*, by Neltje Blanchan. In a few days he said to me, ‘That certainly is a good book. I never will kill another bird.’ I think he has kept his promise.

“We can save the birds. Let’s do it!”

HOW EDGAR HELPED THE BIRDS

When Edgar Kincaid was only five years old a Mexican boy killed a bird and brought it to him as a gift. It made Edgar very sad. As he talked the matter over with his mother, he said, “Joe doesn’t know about birds as friends. Let’s tell him about them. Then he will not kill them.”

When Edgar was older, he came home from school one day marked with bruises. “The boy hit me hard,” he said, “but the bird got away!” Why do you think the bird got away?

One spring Edgar dyed some hens' eggs to be used for an Easter hunt which was to be given for a group of younger children. On the eggs he drew pictures of birds, and printed mottoes: "Do not kill birds, for they are friends of man." "Protect the birds." "Birds destroy crop-eating insects."

—EDGAR KINCAID, JR., *Nature Magazine* (Adapted)

Learning About Insects and Birds

1. Write a list of insect enemies. Tell anything that you may know about them.

2. What helpful insects can you name?

3. Why does the United States Government examine all imported plants very carefully?

4. How can the nests of tent caterpillars be destroyed?

5. How many birds do you know on sight? Perhaps you can use a Wall Bird Chart. If there is none in your classroom, ask your teacher how to get one. Ask your teacher about getting sets of bird cards also.

6. The United States Government values each insect-eating bird at ten cents. In one year ten million licenses were sold to gunners. If each gunner shot five birds, how many birds did our country lose? Make a bookmark using this idea: HOW TO SHOOT BIRDS—USE A CAMERA!

INVITING BIRD NEIGHBORS

We love the birds not only for their service to man, but for their beauty and their song. We want many of them to live near us. The pupils of the Emerson School talked about this. They decided to

put on the school grounds "invitations" to birds. Since it was winter time, they invited the birds to feast at the feeding tables which they built in their manual training classes. These are some of the foods that the birds found: bits of meat, bread crumbs, broken dog biscuit, cracked corn and nuts, rolled oats, sunflower and other seeds.

The birds also found suet in larders made of wire mesh. Wire mesh keeps big birds from carrying the suet away. Birds need fat foods to keep them warm in winter.

Then the pupils built bird houses to place in the bird village on the school grounds.

These are some invitations that they wrote to the birds to become neighbors:

- (a) FINE APARTMENT HOUSE,
rent free to martins.
- (b) RUSTIC HOMES. Chickadees,
titmice, and nuthatches please
move in.
- (c) COZY COTTAGES. Bluebirds
welcomed.

Houses to Use

Draw a plan of a bird house that you would like to build. If you build a bird house, show it to the class. Show how tin or galvanized iron guards may be used to prevent cats from climbing to the nests. Have you ever held your head inside an empty tin pail when the sun was shining on it? Why should a tin can never be used for a bird house?

Write a letter inviting bird families to use the houses you have made.

WHY BIRDS CHOOSE CERTAIN HOMES

(See picture, p. 99.)

1. A Robin's Sleeping Porch

Robin Redbreast will not live in an inclosed house, but merely wants a shelter where the family can have plenty of fresh air.

2. A Bungalow for Wrens

Jenny Wren and her husband like a little perch to rest upon before entering their home. The entrance should be only one inch across so that sparrows cannot enter.

3. The Bluebird's Cottage

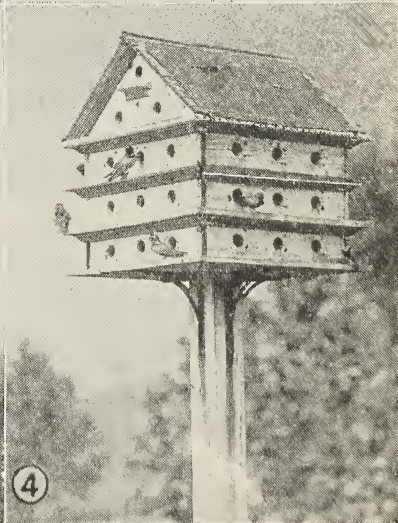
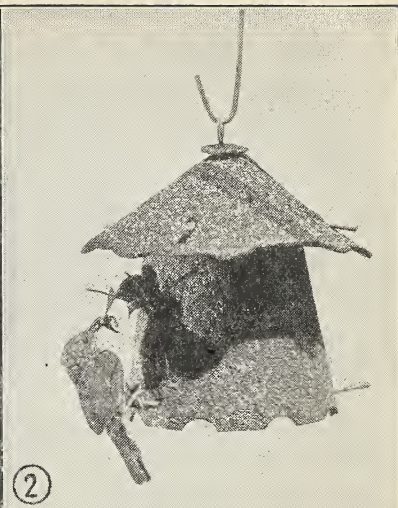
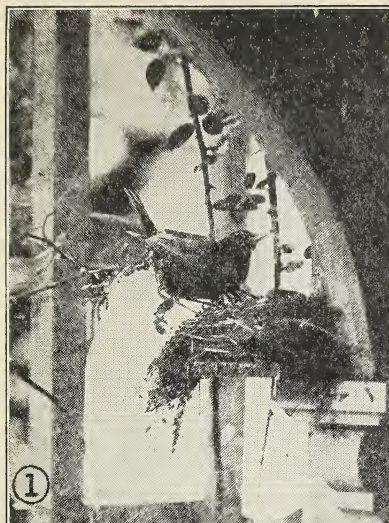
These birds of blue color, with pinkish plumage on their breasts, add great beauty to our gardens; and the owner of the bird houses which they select is fortunate. More of them would live in houses if placed near our homes.

4. The Martins' Hotel

Be thankful when Mr. and Mrs. Purple Martin bring their friends and relatives with them to your bird house. Martins come in companies and love to linger where invited. They destroy many harmful insects.

PLANNING A BIRD DAY PROGRAM

1. Bird Day was first observed in Oil City, Pennsylvania, in May, 1894. Two years later Uncle Sam sent out circulars asking all public schools to give one special day to helping birds. Ask your teacher when you will celebrate Bird Day.



Four birds' homes

2. Make plans for the day. Write a program. Some pupil may wish to take the part of a bluebird. He can tell how the bluebird helps the farmer, and how because of helping the farmer, helps everyone. Other pupils may wish to be the red-winged blackbird and other birds. They may tell how they build their nests and about their helpfulness to people.

3. Would you like to make a bird book in which to paste "cut-outs" of birds? Draw and color pictures of your favorite bird friends. Write the name of the bird below each picture. Draw and color a design on the cover of the book. On one page keep a list of the birds you see from day to day.

4. Draw some plans for feeding trays. Make a menu for winter birds.

WHAT ALLEN FOUND OUT

In a little village in the Far North Country lived a boy named Allen Barnes. In that country there is much trade in furs, and Allen sometimes caught little wild animals in his steel traps.

Early one winter morning he went into the woods to look at two of his traps. As he came near the first one he saw that a mountain mink had been caught in it. The poor frightened little creature was struggling to escape, but the teeth of the trap held it cruelly. The more it tried to get away, the more its little leg was torn.

Allen ran quickly toward the trap. Suddenly his foot slipped and was gripped with a snap. Down he

went on the ground. He knew what had happened. He was caught! He had forgotten about the other trap.

He was not frightened at first, for he thought he could set himself free, but the chain would not give an inch, tug as he might. When he tried to move, his ankle pained him so much that he groaned. Soon it began to swell, while the teeth of the trap pressed closer and closer into his aching flesh. Allen's only hope was that help would come.

Just out of his reach lay the mink, panting with pain and terror. Now and then it would give a low moan of pain.

For the first time in his life, Allen understood how cruel he had been. As he thought of the long hours which would pass before his family would miss him and search for him, he wished that he might at least have the pleasure of freeing the animal.

"Poor little chap!" he whispered, watching the mink struggle. "Poor little fellow! I'd help you if I could."

No one came, and the long day went by. Night darkened, and the woods were cold and dreary. Allen was chilled through, and he thought with longing of the warm fire at home. The little mink was still now. Allen hoped its sufferings were over.

Suddenly, very early in the morning, there was a noise in the bushes, and a man came towards the traps. He saw at once what was the matter and ran to set the boy free.

"Now," said he, "you must get on my back and I will try to carry you home."

"Wait a minute," cried Allen. "Look at that other trap. If the poor little thing is dead, I wish you would bury him. No one shall ever have his fur to sell."

The man walked over to the other trap and looked at the mink closely.

"I think it is still alive," he said.

"Put my scarf around it," said Allen. "I am going to take it home."

So the mink was carefully wrapped up and laid in the boy's arms. Then they started homewards. There was great rejoicing when the missing lad appeared. The little mink was taken out of the scarf by gentle hands and cared for with kindness. It became tame and playful. When it was quite well, Allen took it to the mountains and set it free.

As for the boy, that was the last time he ever set a trap for any of the creatures of the woods. Can you tell why?

—C. FAIRCHILD ALLEN

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Write a Letter

1. Write a letter to Allen telling him what you think about trapping helpless wild things.

(If you live in South Carolina, you should be very proud of your state, because it was the first state to pass a law against the use of the steel trap.)

2. Write a letter to a friend about this story.



THE FOURTH OF JULY PROCLAMATION

Tommy was fast asleep upstairs. Not a thing was stirring inside the house. Outside, in the barnyard, all the animals were awake. The barn owl, who never slept at night anyway, heard a whiz-bang off in the distance, and awakened all the others in the barnyard to talk about it.

"I think something ought to be done about it," he hooted sharply.

"About what, Mr. Wise Owl?" asked the horse.

"About the Fourth of July, tomorrow, you know," said the owl.

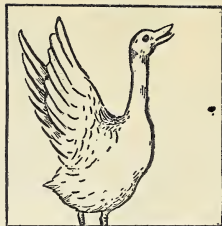
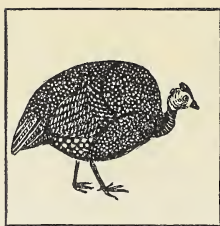
"Today, you mean. It is past midnight," said the cow, stretching her left hind leg.

"Today it is," agreed the owl.

"Well, what of it?" quacked the duck.

"You were not here last year, or you never would ask that," said the owl.

"I should say you would not," snorted the horse. "Do you see that scar on my right front leg? Well, that is what happened last year!"



"I must move my family at once," said the cat. "I shall take them away into the deep woods. Fourth of July! How I hate it, all noise and commotion!" She rushed away to move her family, one at a time, to safety.

"I do not mind a noise. I can make that myself," shrilled the guinea fowl.

"Honk! honk! I can stir up a commotion," said the old gray gander, flapping his huge wings.

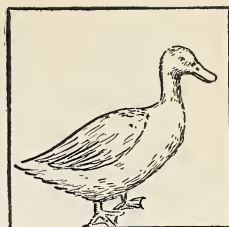
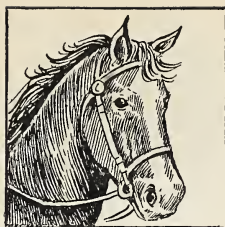
"But what has that scar to do with the Fourth of July?" the duck asked the horse.

"Tommy threw a little red stick under me when I was dozing in the corner of the pasture, waiting for my morning oats," began the horse.

"It was not Tommy. It was that city cousin who was visiting here. He was a pest to every animal on the place," said Brindle, the dog.

"Well, what of it?" quacked the duck.

"Lots of it," gobbled the turkey. "Those little red sticks are firecrackers and they explode. I thought one was a worm once, and it went bang right in my beak, and it hurt so that I could not eat properly for weeks."



“Once one exploded and frightened me so that I ran away and never stopped until I hit the wire fence, which cut a gash in my leg,” said the horse. “I shall never forget that Fourth of July.”

“It would not have hurt you as much as the wire fence did,” snickered Brindle. “Horses are scary, for all of their size.”

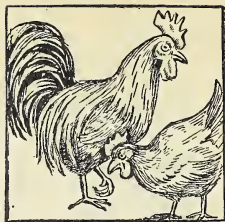
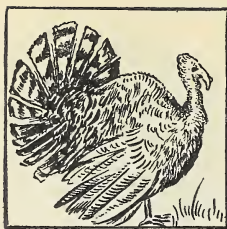
“I have seen you, Mr. Brindle, jump high and wide to get away from a firecracker,” said the owl.

“Not from fear,” declared Brindle. “But my ears are sensitive and any sharp noise hurts them as much as a blow would.”

“Well, if the Fourth of July means all you have been telling me, I do not want any of it, either,” said the duck.

“It means more than just a noise and commotion,” said the wise owl. “I heard Tommy’s uncle tell him all about it. It seems that once upon a time this country got its freedom and became the United States. Everybody was so happy over it that everyone decided to celebrate on the Fourth of July.”

“I could be happy without hurting anyone,” said the turkey.



"To my notion, there is a better way to celebrate than noise and cannons and firecrackers," said the dove.

"That is why I say something ought to be done about it," hooted the owl.

"Many people forget about us. There comes Tommy now. Perhaps we could ask him to do something about it," said the horse.

"I can give his nose a tweak. I can nip hard, even if I do not have any teeth," said the hen.

"Why take it out on Tommy?" asked Brindle. "He is not to blame. He just celebrates the way grown-ups have taught him."

"Let us get up a proclamation against noise, firecrackers, and all harmful exploding things on the Fourth of July," said the wise owl. "I have heard that many proclamations are made in the United States."

"Hear, hear!" cried all the barnyard fowls, the rooster leading with a loud "Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo!"

Tommy sat up in bed. He rubbed his eyes and leaned over to look out of the window at the head

of his bed. A tiny pink streak of dawn illuminated the barnyard. Not an animal was stirring.

"That old rooster woke me," grumbled Tommy. "All that about the animals must have been a dream—but perhaps they do feel that way about the Fourth. I shall be careful this year not to hurt them in any way."

—JANE V. ROACH

THE AMERICAN HUMANE ASSOCIATION

1. Does your class belong to the American Humane Association? The members wear a button. It says more than the letters printed upon it. It tells that the person wearing it wants to play fair.

2. The headquarters of the American Humane Association is in Albany, New York. Help your class to make some money to pay for a year's subscription to two magazines: *The National Humane Review*, 135 Washington Ave., Albany, New York; *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

In these magazines you will find many pictures that you will wish to mount on stiff paper and hang in the Picture Gallery Zoo of your room. What can the class do to earn the money?

3. Write a letter telling the editor of the *National Humane Review* that you wish to know more about the society which helps not only animals, but also children who are in need? Ask for copies of leaflets that tell about the care of cats, dogs, and horses. Be sure to inclose a stamp.

4. Perhaps you will ask the editor of *Our Dumb Animals* how to start a Band of Mercy in your school, or a Jack London Club.

5. Be-Kind-to-Animals Week comes every spring. Make a list of things your class might do. Ask your class to appoint a committee to carry out a Kindness-to-Animals program.

6. Plan a program for assembly showing how animals should be treated. What part would you like to take?

7. Ask your teacher to write to the editor of the *National Humane Review* about the Annual Kindness-to-Animals Poster Contest.

WHICH BOY WOULD A DOG CHOOSE

Jack and Richard White were cousins. They lived near each other in the same village. One day Richard's father drove the two boys over to see the Burton Kennels in the next town. When they were leaving, Mr. Burton the owner of the kennels, gave each boy a puppy. The puppies were so nearly alike that they might have been twins.

"If you treat these little fellows right," Mr. Burton said, "you will have dogs to be proud of. Some day I will come to see them."

It was nearly a year before Mr. Burton drove up to Jack's house. When he saw Jack, his first question was, "Well, boy, how is the little pup?"

"I'm sorry I don't know," Jack said. "He was a bother. He cried and whined all the time. One

day he broke his chain and ran away, and I haven't been able to find him."

"That's strange," said Mr. Burton. "Why did you chain him?"

"When I was playing, I couldn't look after a dog. He was always getting into mischief."

"Of course," Mr. Burton said gently, "he was only a baby dog. Well, I think I'll go to see Richard. Do you want to come along?"

"Richard's dog is different from mine," Jack mumbled. "He's kind and gentle. I wish I had a dog like that."

Jack got into the car and Mr. Burton started off without another word. When they drove into the yard, Richard came running, a dog bounding at his side.

"Hello, Richard," cried Mr. Burton. "What a fine dog! Is he a good watchdog?"

"Don't you know him, Mr. Burton?" Richard asked. "This is Chum, the dog you gave me. He certainly is a good watchdog. When he hears a strange step at night, he makes enough noise for two dogs."

Mr. Burton smiled. "I'm glad you haven't cut his ears," he said. "Sometimes a dog is made deaf when his ears are clipped."

"I can't think of a meaner thing to do than to clip a dog's ears or tail," said Richard. "Chum won't be hurt if I can help it."

"I can see that," said Mr. Burton, getting out of the car.

"Dad helped me put up this trolley," said Richard, leading the way to a wire line which stretched high up across a corner of the yard from the woodshed to a tree. On the wire was a ring. He lifted a chain and snapped one end to the ring and the other to the dog's collar. "I feel sorry for dogs that are kept on short chains," he said. "See how freely Chum runs on the trolley."

"That's fine! Now let us see his house," said Mr. Burton, going to the kennel under the tree.

"Dad helped me build that, too," said Richard. "We set it on blocks to keep the floor dry, and made the roof tight to keep out the rain."

"How about his bed?" Mr. Burton asked as he looked inside. "Shavings, I see."

"Yes, and in winter a blanket to make his bed warmer, and a piece of old carpet over the door when a cold wind is blowing," said Richard.

"I don't wonder that Chum hasn't run away, do you, Jack?" Mr. Burton said. but Jack did not answer.

"He certainly looks well fed," said Mr. Burton, stroking Chum's soft coat.

"Mr. Burton, don't you remember? You gave me a card that tells about feeding dogs."

"So I did," said Mr. Burton. "So I did." Then turning to Jack, he said, "Didn't I give you one?"

"Yes," Jack said, "but I lost it. My dog wouldn't eat what I gave him. I'm sorry, but he was no good."

For reply Mr. Burton went to the back of his car where a dog crate was fastened. He opened the top and a dog sprang out. He ran up to Chum in a friendly way.

Jack looked at the two dogs in surprise. They were alike as twins, the same size and coloring!

"Why, that's my dog!" Jack cried.

"Your dog?" said Mr. Burton. "This dog hadn't any home. He wandered into my place one day, tired and hungry. He looked as if he hadn't a friend in the world, so I took him in. That was six months ago. No, I don't think he's your dog."

"But he is my dog. Look, he's just like Dick's."

"But you said your dog was no good. You must be mistaken. Call him."

Jack called, but the dog paid no heed. "I guess I was wrong," he said.

"No, you are not mistaken. This is the dog you had. But you were wrong when you said he was not a good dog. He's one of the best."

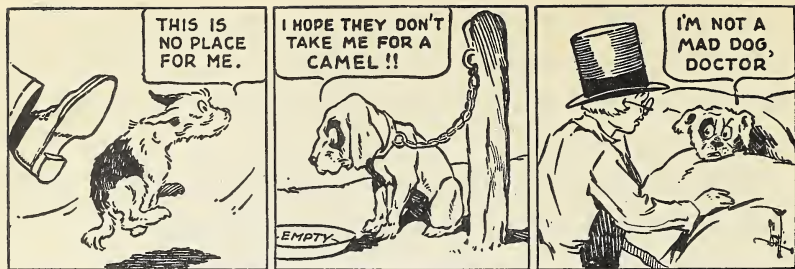
The boy hung his head.

"How about it, Jack?" Mr. Burton asked. "Would you like to try again if I should give you another puppy?"

"I'd do my best," said Jack.

"All right," said Mr. Burton. "I will give one to you soon. Here's something that will help you make him look as fine as Chum." And he handed the boy a card. What do you think was on it?

—ANNA HARRIS SMITH (Adapted)



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DOGS?

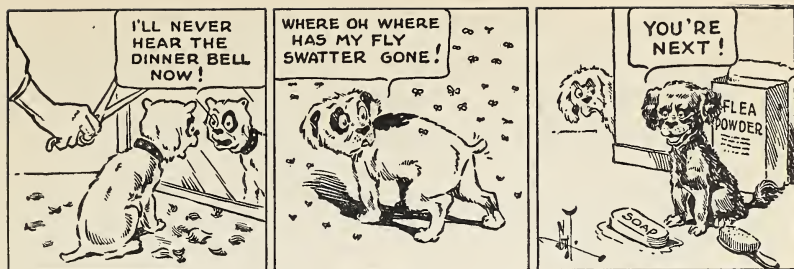
1. Why do you think it foolish for a person to become angry when an animal does not understand what it is meant to do?

2. If you must tie a dog, how can you give him a chance to exercise enough to keep well and happy?

3. Pretend that you are a veterinarian and that a boy who could not bring his sick dog to you asks for a letter of advice. Tell him that raw meat is the best food for a sick dog. What should you tell him about drinking water?

4. Tell him that dogs have been thought mad when they were only thirsty; that thirst often makes a dog froth at the mouth; that mad dogs do not bark or growl or whine; that only one dog in many thousands goes mad. Tell him how often to feed a well dog or puppy. Tell him why baby dogs need long naps. What else shall you write?

5. Is it against the law in your State to crop a dog's ears? If not, write a letter to the governor telling him why such a law should be passed. Tell him that in the State of New York the cutting of a



dog's ears is unlawful and anyone who does such a thing is heavily fined.

6. Make a poster entitled, "Has a Dog a Right to His Ears?" Make a poster entitled, "I Need My Tail."

7. In your animal scrapbook paste pictures and stories of famous dogs. Here are the names of a few: Igloo, the dog that Admiral Byrd took with him to Little America; dog teams in the frozen North; dogs that lead the blind; dogs that have warned people about dangers. Collect pictures of domestic animals and of wild animals to paste in your Zoo.

THE DOG

I've never known a dog to show
 Half-way devotion to his friend;
 To seek a kinder man to know,
 Or richer; but unto the end
 The humblest dog I ever knew
 Was to the man that loved him true.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

THE SEEING EYE

Did the title of this story make you stop to think? What did you think? When you have read the story be able to tell the class why it is a good title.

* * *

MORRIS FRANK PLAYS BALL

Morris Frank was a schoolboy who lived in Nashville, Tennessee. He was fond of all sports. One day he was playing baseball when a ball went "wild."

"Look out there, Frank!" shouted one of the boys, but before the words were out of his mouth the swift ball had struck Morris in the eyes.

Quickly he was rushed to a hospital. Everything possible was done to make him happy during the long dark days and nights while he lay there with bandaged eyes, but he could hardly wait until the bandages would be taken off. He looked forward with joy to the time when he would not have to feel his way about, and could see where he was going.

But that time never came. He had lost the sight of both eyes . . .

Many a boy would have given up trying to make anything of his life, but fifteen-year-old Morris Frank was made of "the stuff that heroes are made of." Morris was brave. He had the courage to go on with his work in high school with the aid of a friend who read to him. Afterwards he went to college, and he even worked to help make his living.

He often smiled during those days, but he never felt really happy—not until he met Buddy.

MORRIS FRANK MEETS BUDDY

One day, after feeling his way about for five years, someone read to Morris an article which told about eyes for the blind.

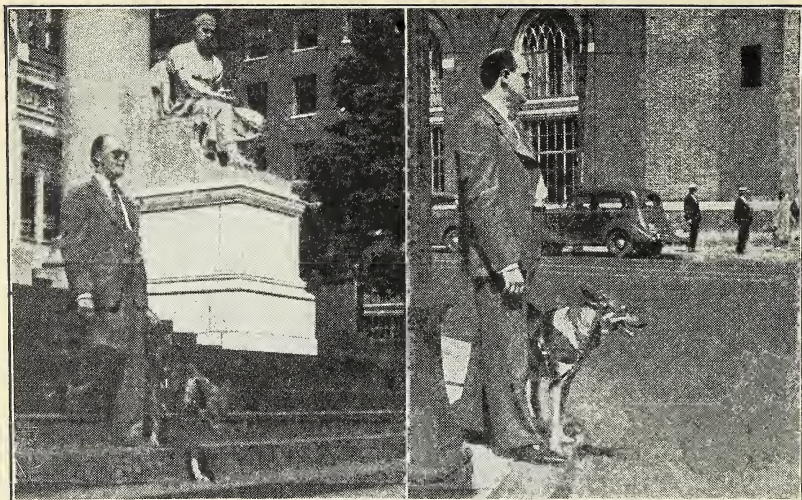
Eyes for the blind! How wonderful! Too wonderful to believe. No, not eyes of their very own, but eyes that they could use—seeing eyes that would save them from groping their way about, from stumbling and falling. Eyes that would help them to go anywhere they wished. Oh, it seemed too good to be true.

But it was true. The article explained that. It told about the study that Mrs. Harrison Eustis and Jack Humphrey had made of German shepherd dogs who guided blind war veterans in Europe. These two Americans studied dogs in Switzerland and founded a new kind of school—a school for dogs!

“I must go to that school and get one of those dogs!” cried Morris; and somehow he did. . . .

When he came back from across the ocean he seemed like a different man. He walked briskly, he spoke happily, he often laughed aloud. He was no longer afraid.

“See my new eyes!” he said, patting the head of the beautiful dog beside him. “See how my friend Buddy uses them for me.” He grasped the handle of Buddy’s harness with his left hand, and off the



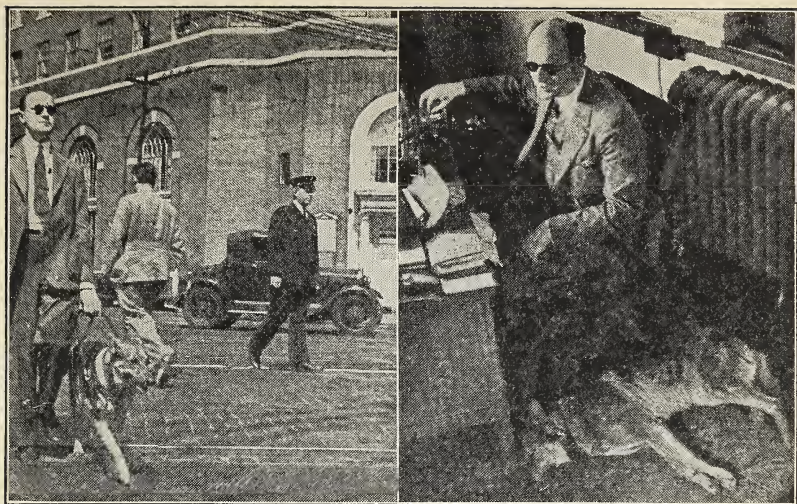
This Seeing Eye dog conducts his

two went through the worst sort of traffic, Buddy guiding Morris safely across the street with more wisdom than many a human being could have shown.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR DOGS

Morris Frank was so happy with Buddy that he talked with Mrs. Eustis about getting eyes for other blind people. In this way there came to be an American school for training guide dogs, known as the *Seeing Eye*, with headquarters at Morristown, New Jersey.

The blind people who are going to own the dogs must go to school, too, in order to learn how to make use of their new guides. They must learn how to care for and feed their dogs—curry them once a day, feed them raw meat, dog biscuit, and bones. The dogs enjoy doing all they can for their masters, but



young master to the office every day

unless they are treated kindly, they will not work. Soon master and dog become fast friends, comrades, playmates, even business partners. Many a blind person has been able to support himself because of his dog's help.

Some day you may see a guide dog leading his master. It is your duty not to go near him or speak to him. He is attending to important business; it is unfair to attract his attention. He has been taught not to heed another dog, not even to notice a cat. He does not need your praise. All the reward that he asks is to serve his master and to receive praise from him often.

HOW GUIDE DOGS ARE TAUGHT

The dogs of the Seeing Eye are beautiful animals. They have been treated with great kindness at all



Enjoying a stroll in the woods

times. Until they are fourteen months old, these dogs have been playful puppies in happy homes. They are full grown, their minds are mature, and they are now ready for serious training for their future work.

They are very intelligent and quickly learn the meaning of such words as "Sit," "Fetch," "Left," "Right," "Forward." They like the gentle pats given them as rewards. Next they learn how to take a blind person through crowded streets. At certain periods a trainer blindfolds himself and uses the leather-covered handle on the dog's harness just

as a blind person will use it. He tells the dog which way to go, and the dog obeys every command which is *safe*. He has to judge about safety; he has to think for two. And he does it well.

At the end of three months' training, the dog is ready to serve his new master; but the master must go to school to learn how to use his dog. It takes one month of practice for a blind person to do this.

After the master takes the dog away, the Seeing Eye does not forget them. Whenever necessary someone from the school goes to see how they are getting along. Once the visitor found the master and his dog fishing. They had caught four trout.

Do you not think that the work of the Seeing Eye is a great work? Can you think of a way to help such work?

Good Citizens

1. Read the story again. Find the parts that show that Morris Frank was courageous; showed self-control; persevered; was kind to animals; wanted to help other people; is a good citizen.

2. Read the parts that show that Buddy was courageous; showed self-control; persevered; was kind; wanted to be helpful.

3. Talk with the class about who are the best kind of citizens. Are guide dogs good citizens? Do dogs think? Are all animals treated fairly? What should be done about this?

4. Talk with the class about the title of this story. When did Morris Frank act like a different man? Why?

THE USEFUL CITIZEN OBEYS THE LAWS OF SAFETY

How? When? Where? Why?

HOW FIRE DRILLS HELP

Safety saves lives. The fire drills in school are safety drills.

One of the greatest dangers from fire is that people will crowd together at the doors in trying to escape from a burning building. Many little children have lost their lives in this way when they were really in no great danger from the fire.

When you are used to fire drills, you will be ready when the bell rings to form in line for the drill. You will move in an orderly way until all are out of the building. You will keep silent; you will keep "cool."

If the building should really be on fire, good order will prevent pushing and crowding into the doorways. That is why the fire drill is one of the very best ways of helping you to be safe in time of real danger.

TELL WHY

Why should all the doors of a building in which a large number of people gather open outward? That is a law in some cities and states. *Always look to see where exits are.* What are *exits*? Why should you know where the doors that lead out of the building are?

FIRE, THE DESTROYER

Tommy Brown was eight years old when he decided that as soon as he grew up he would become a fireman. It came about in this way. Across the street lived a playmate, Ted Jones, whose father worked in a box shop. One night the shop was burned to the ground.

This happened because Ted's father, who was smoking, saw the boss coming and tossed his cigarette away. Smoking was not allowed in the shop because there were sawdust and shavings on many of the floors. He could not find his cigarette later when the boss had gone. The burning cigarette fell into a pile of shavings and smoldered there until after the shop was closed, when it set fire to the shavings. The flames soon spread throughout the whole building. Although the firemen did their best, they could not save the shop.

When Ted's father realized that he had started the fire that destroyed the shop, he felt so sorry that he told the boss about it; but that did not help him any because he was now out of work. There was no telling how long it would be before he could find another job. Four hundred other men who had worked in the shop were looking for jobs also.

Tommy was very much worried about the fire. It was the first one to which he had given any thought. Almost every day he walked around the fire house. One afternoon he strolled inside. One of the firemen was polishing the metal on his fire truck.



"Hello," said Tommy to the fireman

"Hello," said the busy fireman with only a glance at the boy.

"I don't think fire engines are much good," whispered Tommy, but the fireman heard him.

"H-mm," said the fireman, keeping on polishing.

"You couldn't put out the box shop fire," said Tommy.

"We couldn't find it until the fire lighted up the whole street," the fireman said. He stopped working, and turning to the boy told him a surprising thing. The man who discovered the fire and sent in the alarm did not stand by until the firemen arrived to tell them where it was. He ran back to the box shop as soon as he had opened the door

of the fire box and pulled down the hook. When the firemen arrived and found nobody at the fire box, they thought that it might have been a false alarm. They lost several minutes before they saw smoke bursting through the windows of the shop which was several blocks away.

"The first five minutes of a fire are the most important because the sooner we begin to fight it, the more likely we can put it out," the fireman explained. "The first second was the most important in the case of the box shop fire because if the workman who caused it had stepped on his cigarette, he would have put out the sparks. Or if a watchman had discovered the cigarette while it was smoldering and had used the fire pail, he might have saved the whole shop."

This talk with the fireman woke Tommy up to the need of fire prevention. He told the boys at school about it, and they talked it over at home. This was a good thing to do because it set fathers and mothers to thinking.

The boys decided to form a fire company of their own. They made some rules for the members to learn. Among them were these: Every boy must know where the fire alarm box nearest to his own home is to be found. A boy must never pull a false alarm. If a person telephones to the firemen when there is a fire, he must be sure to give the number of the building as well as the name of the street.

There were also the following rules for parents.

Chimneys and flues should be kept in good repair, and should be cleaned in summer. More winter fires start in such places than anywhere else.

Hot ashes should be put in metal cans, and never in wooden barrels or boxes. Do not burn rubbish on windy days.

Never use gasoline in the house for cleaning clothes because a spark of fire in the stove or any flame might cause an explosion. If a fire starts, keep doors and windows of the room shut so that the fire will not spread quickly. Fire must have air in order to burn.

AN ORAL REPORT

Tell the class why Tommy Brown became a fireman when he grew up, and helped to save homes and the places where people worked.

SAFETY FIRE RULES

If your clothing should catch fire, do not run; lie down and smother the flames! Roll! Roll! Roll!

If another person's clothing is on fire, throw a blanket or rug around him. If there is no such article to be had, throw him on the ground and roll him over and over.

What rules can you tell the class about the use of matches, the care of ashes, and about the danger from electric wires?

Why is the use of gasoline in the house dangerous?

A FIRE-PREVENTION POSTER

Draw a Fire-prevention poster. You may use one of these ideas:

1. Keep matches out of the reach of children who might light them and set fire to themselves and their homes.

2. A Boy Scout never leaves a campfire without seeing that the fire is really dead.

3. Because a man did not put out the fire in a cigarette stub before he threw it away, thousands of trees were destroyed. *Good Citizens Save Our Forests.*

DANGER! THIN ICE!

I

Harry Wilson bounded into the house one cold winter day after school.

"Hello, Mother," he called, "the boys are going skating. May I go?"

"Yes," said his mother, "but you'll have to skate with your brother. He's away on an errand. He'll be back any minute."

"All right," Harry said. "I'll go now, and wait for him at the pond."

Harry reached the pond in a few minutes. He saw the boys skating along the opposite side, but he did not join them.

"I'll put on my skates now and be ready when Tom comes," he thought. "He will be here soon, and we'll skate across together."

But Tom did not come so soon as Harry thought he would. Five minutes, ten minutes, passed, and he had not come.

"I'll just skate around the edge," Harry decided.

It was great fun. Faster and faster he went, scarcely seeing where he was going. Suddenly there was a crackling sound.

"Whew!" he whistled.

Just in front of him was a sign which he had not noticed before.

DANGER

Just then Tom arrived. He saw Harry skating near the danger sign.

"Harry! Go back!" cried Tom, but it was too late. Harry could not stop. With a splash, down he went through the ice and into the water.

He came up gurgling and struggling. He tried to grasp the edge of the ice, but it snapped off at his touch. He could not get a firm hold. Just as he was slipping back into the water, somebody grasped him by the shoulders. It was his brother, who was lying full length on the ice.

"Wait," said Tom. "Hold on to me as tight as you can. Someone is coming to help us."

Even as he spoke, two men caught hold of Tom's feet and began to pull him backward.

"Keep a tight hold," Tom said again, as the ice began to break underneath Harry's arms.



It did not take long for the boys to reach ice that was firm enough to bear Harry's weight; Tom helped him to get his knees on it.

"Now lie down flat," Tom ordered, as he slid backward, "and take hold of my hands again."

Soon the men had pulled both boys to safety. Then Tom stood up and helped Harry to his feet.

II

"I hate to think what might have happened if you had not come in time," said Harry, after the boys were in bed that night. "But tell me, Tom, why did you crawl out? I might have gone under before you got there. Why didn't you skate out?"

Then his brother explained that the ice was so thin that it would not have borne a skater, but that even thin ice will bear a person if his weight is spread out over a large surface.

"When I saw you near the danger sign, I looked around to find a board," said Tom, "but there wasn't any. I was afraid that the ice would not hold me up. You see, Harry, I could have pushed a board to the hole from a safe place and you could have held on to it until you were saved. Even a thick pole would have done the trick.

"If I had had a rope, I would have tied it around my waist and fastened it to a tree before I started—for Safety First. It was lucky that those men came along just as they did. I don't know what might have happened if they had not.' "

"Br-r-r-r!" Harry shivered.

"Tell me, Tom, how did you know what to do?"

"Boy Scouts," Tom answered. "Good night."

"Good Boy Scout," said Harry. "I mean, good-night, Boy Scout. Much obliged, I hope I can do as much for you sometime."

But Tom did not hear him. He was fast asleep.

Water and Safety

1. If a person who has fallen through the ice sees help coming, it is best for him not to try to climb out. Why?

2. Draw a picture of a frozen pond. Print the danger sign on the ice.

3. Have you ever ridden in a rowboat? Why is it dangerous to "rock" a boat?

A SAFETY RESOLUTION

This poem was written by a schoolboy. Read the poem twice. What is "Habit's powerful sway"?

* * *

Safety rules, if not obeyed,
Are only words, not rules.
All the thoughtful care displayed
By officers and schools
Is only wasted loving care,
If children will not do their share.
So let us keep these rules in thought,
And live them every day
Until they're not just words we're taught,
But Habit's powerful sway.

—JACK WEBB

ARE YOU FOR SAFETY

ON STREETS AND HIGHWAYS

(Score 10 if you can answer yes to each question)

1. Do you avoid playing in the street?
2. Do you cross streets at corners, obey traffic signals, and the traffic officer?
3. Do you avoid doing the three things which cause most accidents to children: running from behind parked cars; darting out into the street; and hitching rides?
4. Do you face front when getting off a bus or a street car and waiting until the road is clear before crossing to the opposite curb?
5. Do you obey traffic rules when riding a

bicycle? Do you refuse to carry anyone on the handlebars?

6. When you go coasting, do you choose safe hills where there is no traffic?

7. Do you keep from playing around excavations and buildings under construction?

8. Do you avoid playing or walking on railroad tracks and trestles? Do you always stop, look, and listen at a grade crossing and wait until the way is clear before proceeding?

9. Where there are no sidewalks, do you walk on the left side of the road *facing* traffic?

10. Are you courteous and considerate, thus helping others to avoid accidents?

—NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL

Write score sheets

Score sheets are sets of questions, such as you have just read—"On Streets and Highways." Write 10 questions for each of these topics:

Safety at home

Safety at school

Safety on vacations

WHY?

How many of these questions can you answer?

"Let's have a catch," said Tom to his playmates in the schoolyard.

He tossed a hard baseball to Harry. Soon six boys were throwing the ball from one to another.

Then Martin, captain of the yard safety patrol, saw them. He walked up to Tom, who had just caught the ball.

"I'm sorry, Tom," Martin said. "You can't play with a hard ball in the yard. Put the ball in your pocket."

Tom did. Why?

A baseball is hard. It weighs about five ounces. If it were sliced in half, you would see a small ball of cork in the middle, covered with two layers of hard rubber; many yards of white, and blue-gray woolen yarn, and fine cotton string, all wound tightly around the rubber. All this is covered with horsehide.

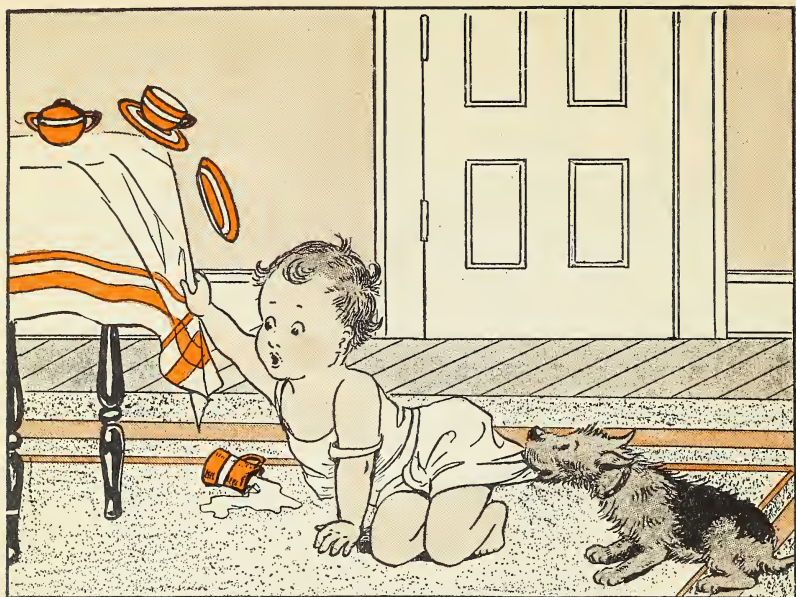
Why is a baseball made hard? Why is such a ball dangerous if it goes wild?

Some schools have playgrounds in a large field near the school building. Here, boys and girls may play baseball. White lines mark the baseball diamond. A wire fence stands back of the catcher to stop the balls.

The catcher wears a wire mask over his face. On his chest is a large padded cloth. His knees and shins are wrapped with long strips of leather and canvas. Why?

When baseball games are played, small children must keep away. They should watch only from far off. Why?

The safety patrol stands on guard at street corners. Often a policeman is with him. Cross only at corner crossings. Why?



BUNGAY'S CHRISTMAS

My name is Bungay. I am a birthday dog, because I was born four years ago on the same day as my young master, Junior Pratt. We have grown up together, but I am stronger and much more sensible than he, even if we are the same age. Junior's father told me yesterday that as long as he knew that I was with Junior he never worried. I can tell you that made all my troubles seem like nothing at all! I certainly do have to watch Junior. He is at the age when he has to find out about everything. It's funny the way I seem to know when he is doing wrong. Let me just run and see

what he is doing now, and then I'll tell you some of the things that Junior has learned from me.

Well, it's all right; he is in the nursery getting cleaned up for supper. I thank my dog star that I do not have to have my ears washed every day!

Last summer Junior discovered that a boat with a small boy in it, can be very tippy, even when tied. One day overboard he went! I can swim pretty well so we reached shore safely that time. Then the ice was very thin last winter and Junior started to try it, but I got there ahead of him and showed him that it would not hold me, so he turned back.

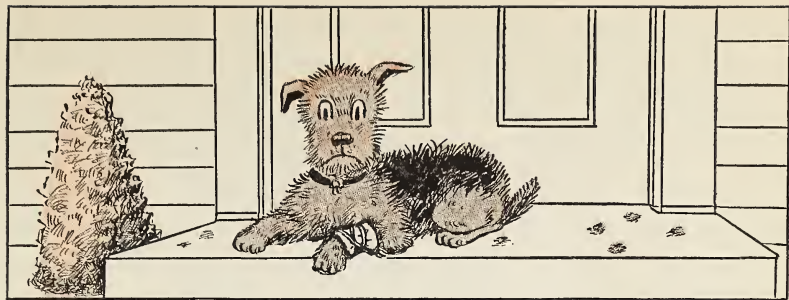
One day he played with the stove and turned on the gas. I barked and barked until Master came and turned it off. I think that Junior should not be allowed in the kitchen alone. Another time, when he was just a baby and I only a lanky puppy, he caught the table cloth and pulled the tea things off the table along with the cloth. I barked for Master, and he found that Junior's head had been cut by one of the falling cups. Junior still has the scar, but no more table covers are pulled off in our house! I wonder what he will do next! His troubles are not always his fault. Grown-ups do not think ahead; if they did, they could save many accidents. Well, this is Christmas Eve so I can expect a busy night of it.

Later: I was right. It's begun! Junior has just been put to bed wrapped in blankets and hot-water bags. I guess if I had not been on the job, he would still be out in the snowstorm. After supper he



slipped out the kitchen door without his coat "to see Santa Claus drive up the street." I knew he ought to have his coat, but I could not get it and be with him at the same time. I tried to pull him back and barked, but could not get help. Before we knew it we were floundering about in the deep snow, all the time getting farther from the house, so I ran back and barked until Master came. He followed me down to the gate and there was Junior shivering in the cold. He was looking for Santa Claus. Yes, I can see that my Christmas is going to be interesting.

Christmas morning: Everything all right so far. Junior has cut himself on a small toy knife his uncle



gave him, but the cut is not deep and Master has taken away the knife. It was a silly gift for a child. We had great fun coasting down the little hill back of the house on the new sled. I dragged it uphill several times, and Master and Junior coasted down.

Christmas afternoon: Great excitement! Junior has a Christmas tree! The tree is very pretty with electric lights and white down stuff that is supposed to be snow. Two of his little friends are visiting Junior, and are playing with a big mechanical horse. It seems to me that someone ought to watch those children. It's a big responsibility for a dog, but that's the way I knew my Christmas would be.

Late Christmas evening: I can't write much. I am too tired. My left leg is bandaged, and my coat is a mass of tangles and black smudges, but Junior is safe and his father has said wonderful things to me. It all happened quickly! There was a sudden flash of light. It came from the electric wires. Some of the white stuff caught fire; soon the whole tree was on fire, branch after branch snapping

and crackling. I barked and tried to get the children out of the room, but they were so frightened that they ran the wrong way. I ran into the hall and barked as loud as I could, then went back for the children. Junior was trying to get his horse out from under the tree, his little fluffy head right under the blaze. I pulled him out just in time! When we got to the door, the tree fell over. People rushed in, Master with a fire extinguisher. The fire burned many things in the room and the fire department had to come to keep the flames from spreading. Junior's hair was singed on one side of his head, and he was sick from his scare, but he is *safe*.

Next morning: Junior and his father have just been in to see how I am feeling. My paw is better, and I shall feel all right after my coat is combed and cleaned. Junior hugged me, and his father put a shining new collar around my neck. He said that this is engraved on it: Bungay—a brave dog, a friend, and a faithful guardian.

—DOROTHY DEMING, *Safety Education Magazine* (Adapted)

THE SAFETY TRAIN

SCENE: At a railway station. Train about to leave.

Conductor (calls): All aboard for the Safety Train.

Don: Pardon me, sir, but where does this train go?

Conductor: This train goes to Happiness Town. This is the safety train and only careful people may



get on. All aboard! All aboard! Wait a minute, wait a minute. Show your ticket. Where do you want to go?

Don: I want to go to Careless Town. Isn't that on this road?

Conductor: No sir, it is not. This road leads to Happiness. Careless Town is on the road to Sorrow. You can't get on this train. (*He turns to Myrtle.*) Ticket, please.

Myrtle: I'm from Careful Town. I stop at the curb, look left and right before I cross the street. I never cross in the middle of the block. May I get on your safety train?

Conductor: You certainly may. We have no room for jaywalkers, but you are not one. We stop at Careful Town, where you come from.

Bruce: I want to go to Fire Town. May I get on?

Conductor: That depends on your ticket. Do you go by way of Careful Town or Careless Town?

Bruce: I really don't know. How can I tell?

Conductor: Do you keep gasoline in cans painted red and marked plainly?

Bruce: Yes, I do.

Conductor: Do you keep your basement free of rubbish?

Bruce: Yes, I do.

Conductor: Do you keep matches in a tin box away from the stove?

Bruce: Yes, I do.

Conductor: Do you use a flashlight instead of matches when you look for escaping gas?

Bruce: Yes, I do.

Conductor: Then I'm sure that you are going the Careful way. You may get on this Safety Train. (*He turns to Mabel.*) Why, goodness, lady, you seem to be all out of breath.

Mabel: Oh, dear, I was afraid I'd miss the train. I was so busy around the house, I had to hustle. Mary broke a bottle in her haste, but I took time to pick up the broken glass and put it in the barrel, right away.

John left a marble on the floor, so I had to pick it up. I did not want anyone to fall because he stepped on a marble.

I had to hold the ladder for Ida. She was hanging curtains and was going to step on the radiator from a chair. She had a magazine on the chair, and I was afraid she might fall if the magazine should slip; accidents often happen that way. So I told her to get a ladder and I'd hold it for her.

James brought home some medicine, and I noticed that it was marked POISON. So I took the time to

put a pin in the cork before putting it in the medicine cabinet. Now if someone goes to get medicine at night, the pin* will tell that poison is in that bottle. I had so many little things to do, but it pays to be careful.

Conductor: You must be from Careful Town. This is the right train for you. All aboard!

Junior: Let me on, I'm in a hurry!

Conductor: Wait a minute, why the hurry? Where are you going?

Junior: I'm on my way to Broken Limbs.

Conductor: Broken Limbs! That's not on the road to Happiness. It must be on the Sorrow Road.

Junior: How do you get there?

Conductor: Oh, you do anything that is dangerous—you coast into busy streets where autos go by; you make slides in driveways; you roller-skate in the streets; you hop trucks. Sometimes you hitch your sleds to autos. Perhaps you ride two together on a bicycle. Throwing snowballs and using beanblowers takes people along Sorrow Road, too. Eyes often are injured in this way. There are many things that one might do to get to Broken Limbs.

Junior: May I get aboard your train?

Conductor: You can't get on this train. This is the Safety Train. We do not go to Broken Limbs. No, you cannot get on. This is the Safety Train. All aboard!

All aboard! This train goes by way of Careful

*If the bottle has a screw cap, tie a piece of tape around the neck.

Town and stops at Happiness. All aboard! All aboard!

During this last call, the bell rings, the whistle blows, and the puff of the train is heard. Let it grow less and less to show that the train is moving into the distance.

—GENEVIEVE GIVINS

THE OUTDOOR CODE

Help save the trees and wild flowers.

Protect the birds and game.

Keep the highways beautiful.

Pick up the picnic rubbish.

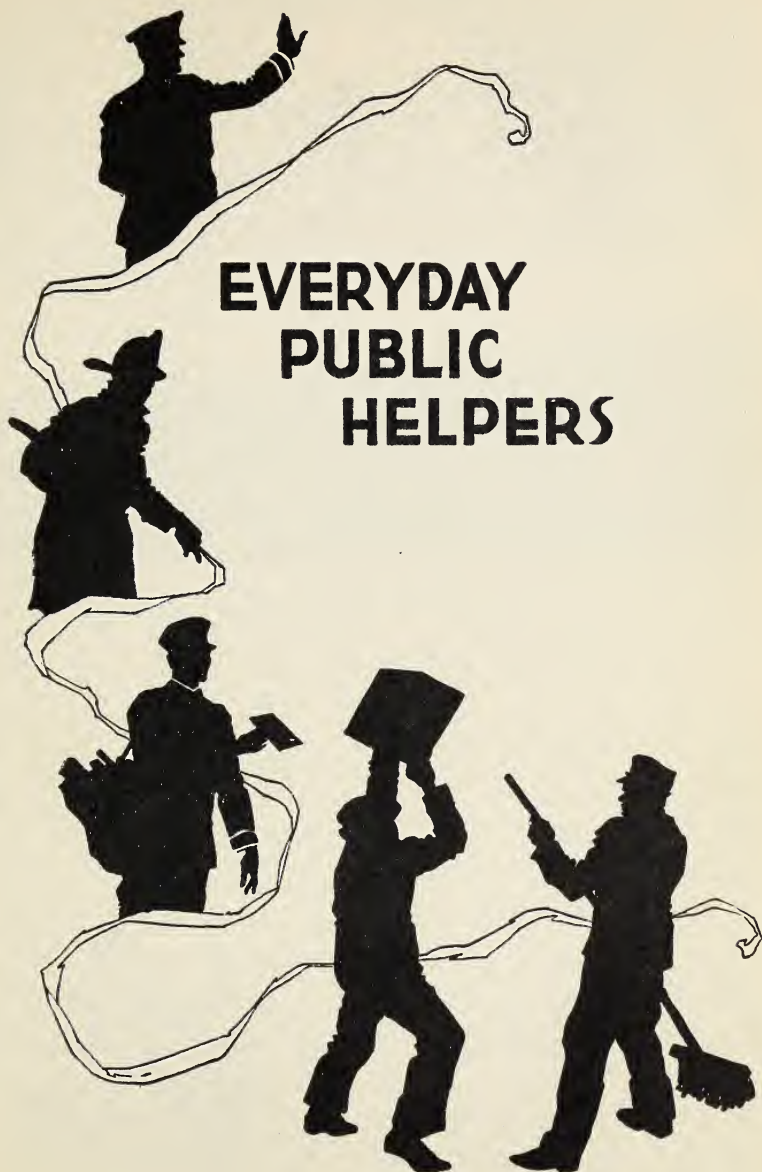
Put out your fire; then bury it.

Thought Questions

1. How is *The Outdoor Code* connected with safety?
2. Which rule is the most important for safety? Give your reasons.
3. Why is it necessary to pick up picnic rubbish?

PART TWO

**EVERYDAY
PUBLIC
HELPERS**





There are heroes in the everyday
performance of duty.





THE POLICEMAN PROTECTING THE HOME

I

It was Civics Day at the Brighton School. The pupils' parents had been invited to see a play given by the elementary grades. The *first scene* was called "Early Man." The children had built a cave on the platform. Jack Owens, "the father," sat near the cave, draped in a shaggy rug. Near by Betty Martin, "the mother," sat with a young child eating with much noise. They too were dressed in shaggy clothing.

Suddenly there was a stir among the trees at the back. A large beast came crashing through the

undergrowth. The children ran into the cave. Jack seized a club and ran at the beast, shouting. The mother seized a stone. She stood guard at the opening of the cave.

Very soon more cave men came running; they too carried stones and clubs. They all ran at the snarling beast, which fled frightened into the forest.

II

The *second scene* was called "Forming a Clan." Some of the children of the early grades gathered in groups, with a larger boy leading them. Jack was dressed like an old man, with gray hair and grizzled beard. He made a speech. He said, "All these children on the platform belong to one large family or clan: brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts, uncles; and I am their great-grandfather. Because I am the oldest, they come to me for advice when things go wrong. When there is a quarrel among the members, I settle the matter. My word is law. All the clan must obey me.

"When Early Man found out that many people together could defend themselves against dangers better than anyone could by himself, the families lived together in clans. They hunted together for food. They fought wild beasts and human enemies together. When fire broke out, they fought it together.

"The American Indians did just as Early Man did. They first banded together in family groups or clans; and later on the clans banded together to form tribes."

III

The *third scene* was "Puritans Going to Church." The children acted the story shown in the painting with that name. Perhaps you have the famous picture in your schoolroom. If so, you will see the gun on the shoulder of the young man. You will see how anxiously he and his young wife are looking into the distance. You do not need to be told that they fear an attack from Indians or from a wild animal. You have read about the many dangers that the early settlers of America faced. You can easily see why the Colonists, as the early settlers were called, lived together in settlements—because they could work together for the good of all.

Together they hunted, grew their crops, and defended themselves and their homes against their enemies. Each settlement formed a neighborhood; that is, a group of neighbors. Many of the neighborhoods or settlements grew into large cities, such as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

The Civics Day program was a success. The children enjoyed giving the play and the parents were pleased.

Giving a Play

1. Plan a program on "Protecting the Home." You could use the scenes that you have just read about. What scenes could be added?
2. Who will take charge of the players?
3. What dresses or costumes will be needed?
4. What music might be used?

A VISIT FROM OUR POLICEMAN

I

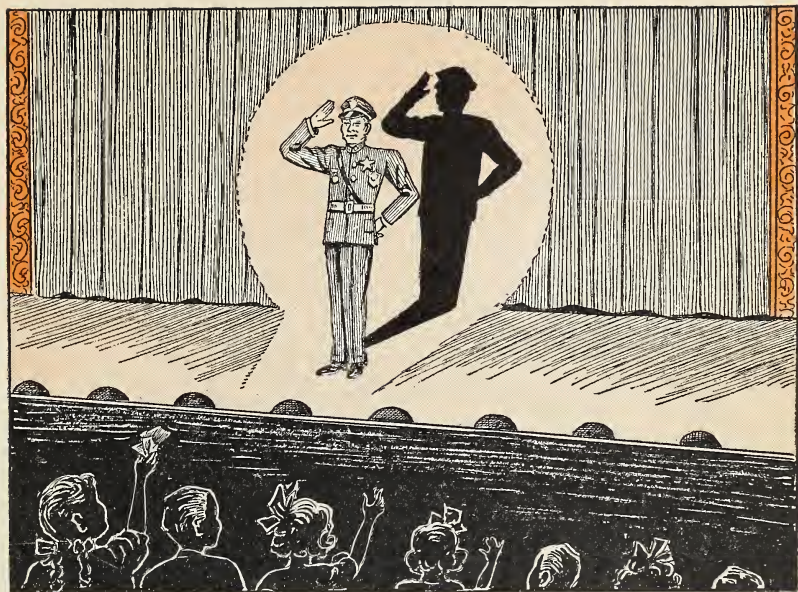
The children of the Brighton School appointed a committee to ask their police officer to talk in assembly about the work of the police force.

Within a few days Officer Ryan appeared on the platform, dressed in his neat blue uniform with its bright metal buttons. On his coat and hat were pinned his badges.

When he started to speak at the request of Miss Worth, the principal, the children rose and clapped their hands in joyous greeting. Officer Ryan raised his hand and silence fell on the assembly, as the children took their seats.

"Thank you, boys and girls," he said with a broad smile. "I see that you like to obey me. I think I know the reason; you respect and obey me because you respect the laws of your city and country. Somebody has said that policemen are laws in living form. He was right; we really represent, or stand for, the law. That is why we must be obeyed. If everybody did what is right, there would be few laws, and we policemen would have to hunt other jobs; but as it is now we are kept pretty busy.

"Of course," he went on, with a twinkle in his eye, "I know that none of you will ever need this." He waved his billy in the air, and the children laughed. "Nor these bracelets"; he lifted a pair of handcuffs from the pocket of his coat and shook



them. "Nor this"; he touched a revolver in his belt. "But you do often need this." He blew a short blast on his whistle. "This talks for me. It tells traffic on foot and on wheels when to stand still and when to move. This little helper often saves life in that way. It saves lives in another way, too. It calls other policemen when an officer needs help.

"When your committee asked me to visit this school, I said, 'I am only a patrolman; why don't you ask our Captain to speak?' They said, 'But we want to hear *our* policeman first.' Maybe that didn't sound good to me! I just want to say that I hope all the children on my beat know that they are 'my boys and girls.' You belong to me in

the same way that I belong to you. Together we work to keep law and order.

“Yes sir, every time you ‘keep the rules,’ on the street, in school, at home, you are helping your policeman. Every time you obey the colored traffic signals, you help us to save life. Every time you report dangers, you help us. If you can’t find the policemen on the beat at once, you should notify the police station. Call on the phone, and ask for ‘Police.’ There are no charges for such calls.

II

“A policeman’s beat is the route over which he travels while on duty. Every city is divided into districts, sometimes called *precincts*. In each precinct there is a station house which is the headquarters of the police force of that precinct. You all know where the station house of our precinct is, at Buttonwood and Maple avenues. Most of you have seen Captain Newell who is there almost all the time directing his patrolmen. A patrolman is a watch-out man who keeps order on his beat.

“All patrolmen must report from time to time to their captains. You have often seen me open the iron signal box on the corner across the street, and talk over the phone. Usually I report ‘All’s well’; but not always. Sometimes patrolmen are called up by the captain. When I see a signal flash above the box, I know that there is a message from the police station, and I hurry to the phone.



“You may think a policeman hasn’t much to do as he walks up and down the street. Have you ever thought about us when the rain is pouring down, or when the wind is blowing the snow in drifts high as the window sills? In some cities traffic officers stand on metal plates heated by electricity.

“Yesterday morning was a busy one for me. As I walked down the alley back of Kelsey’s restaurant, I saw a man trying to break into a cellar window. That fellow gave me a long chase, but I caught him. It took nearly all my strength to hold him until the patrol car came. You can easily see why strong men are needed on the police force.

“When I turned away from the car I saw the signal flash over the phone box and answered it.

Captain Newell was calling all his force to look out for a man who had escaped from prison. As I was talking someone tapped me on the shoulder. It was a 'plain clothes man' from headquarters. 'I need your help, officer,' he said. 'Arrest the man I shall be talking to in a few minutes—on the opposite side of the Square.' A plain clothes man is a sort of policeman who doesn't wear a uniform. You see, wrongdoers try to keep away from policemen, but they are not afraid of people who dress like everybody else.

"I'm glad the detective spotted that fellow. He was the escaped criminal. I don't know how the detective knew it was the same man, for he looked very strange. He wore a wig and a false moustache. At the police court they had a description of him and his fingerprints. There was no mistake about who he was.

"I have told you only a few things that I did yesterday morning. If you ask Officer Bailey, the night officer, to tell you about his experiences on the same beat you will know that he is a real hero. You will understand why a policeman must be brave.

"I hope you children will visit our police station. I am sure that Captain Newell will tell you many more interesting things about the services of our policemen than I have. I haven't told even a little bit."

"Perhaps you will come again, Mr. Officer," Miss Worth said. "We all thank you for what you have

told us, but we thank you more for what you do for us every day.”

The children rose and clapped their thanks as Officer Ryan went out the door, waving his club.

Helping The Policeman

1. Why does the police officer wear a uniform?
2. Why do people obey the officer's uplifted hand?
3. When he blows his whistle, what happens?
4. Whom is he helping?

Write a story about the picture at the top of page 149. Tell who you think are waiting to cross the street. What will the policeman do?

ON THE BEAT

Draw a picture of the beat which your policeman travels. When you pass your policeman, he does not seem to be doing much except looking about. What is he watching for? Really, he has many important duties to perform. Sometimes they are very dangerous. Here are some of them:

1. A light was always kept burning in the corner grocery store at night. When the policeman passed on his round, he noticed that the light was out. He found that the front door was partly open. What did he do?

2. A wisp of smoke floated from a lower window of Central Church. What did the officer do?

3. Two men were fighting on the corner of Main and Center streets. What happened when the policeman saw them?



4. A high wind snapped off a heavy branch of a tree. In falling it broke an electric wire. What was the danger? What did the policeman do?

5. A ragged old man came shuffling along. He told the policeman that he was hungry and had no place to sleep. How did the policeman help him?

6. The policeman helps to carry out the laws of the city and state. Do your father and mother have anything to do with making these laws?

The Lost Child's Friend

Tell a story about the picture at the top of this page.

Why should every child be able to tell the name of its parents, the number of the house, and the street where it lives? How would that help the policeman?

THE POLICEMAN AND THE RUNAWAY

This story began at a street crossing near a public school on one of the busy avenues of a large city. School had just been dismissed, and the children were flocking to the sidewalk.

Officer Smith of the mounted police was on duty, guiding the children safely across the street. His horse, Bob, stood saddled at the curb. Bob kept one eye on his master, and one on the children who stopped to pat his nose. Both Bob and his master were great friends of the children of this school.

"Hurry now, you youngsters; move along there," ordered Officer Smith.

Suddenly, people were heard shouting a block away.

Officer Smith saw an automobile zigzagging down the avenue. Quickly he got the children to the safety of the sidewalk just as the car went by. The next moment he jumped on Bob's back and started after the light car that swayed from side to side, almost turning over.

Bob had chased runaways before and knew his business. After a chase of three blocks he was almost alongside. Then something happened. An automobile, running out of a cross street, struck Bob in the side, nearly knocking him over. Officer Smith was thrown to the roadway, receiving an ugly gash in his head.

Bob was not frightened; he was a police horse. Quietly he took his place by his fallen master and waited, forgetting his own hurts.



Officer Smith saw the car zigzagging

In spite of his injury, Officer Smith remounted and started off again, but another officer had already stopped the car and taken the driver in charge. Almost before the injured policeman knew what had happened, he slipped unconscious off Bob's back into the street. A third patrolman came up and took care of Bob, who was safely returned to his stable. An ambulance arrived and carried his master to the hospital. The doctors worked over him for one hour. He was found to be badly hurt and had to undergo a serious operation.

When Officer Smith opened his eyes, as he lay on the hospital cot, his first question was, "Did we get that car?"

What do you think his second question was? You must know that it was, "Is Bob all right?"

When the nurse answered "yes" to both of his questions, he went to sleep again, satisfied. He had done his duty.

What pleased him most while he was getting better was a big bouquet of flowers that was sent to him by his school friends. Some weeks later, the brave officer was discharged from the hospital, cured. One day, to the children's delight, he again appeared on duty at the crossing.

It was the same Officer Smith, spick and span, but thinner and paler. He had lost his sunburn in the hospital. His injury was such as might happen to any policeman in his daily work of protecting the people of the city. To him his act of bravery seemed nothing. He had only done his duty as an officer. But the boys and girls knew that their traffic policeman was a hero.

You and Your Policeman

1. Would you like to invite the police officer who watches your school crossing to visit your class some day? Ask him to tell you about one of his busiest days. Be sure to show him that you appreciate his service, and want to help him. Of course you are not afraid of him. He is one of the best friends boys and girls can have.

2. Make a list of things that you can do to help him.

3. When speaking to him, address him in a courteous manner as "Mr. Officer," or "Mr. Policeman."

4. Find out how many hours a day he is on duty. Ask the name of the patrolman who relieves him. Find out the name of the Police Captain of the precinct in which your school stands. Ask your teacher to take your class to visit your police station.

5. Play a game called "A Policeman at Work." How many will take part? Who will be the patrolman? Who the captain? What other parts may be taken? Perhaps you will play "Traffic." Who will be the traffic officer? Who will be the "automobiles"?

A VISIT TO THE POLICE STATION

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POLICEMEN

When Jack Owens led his class on their visit to the police station, Captain Newell met them at his office door. Beside him stood a big police dog.

"Good morning, fellow citizens," said the Captain. "We are ready to welcome visitors, as you see." Then he spoke to the dog. "These boys and girls are all right, Rin. Shake hands with them."

"Rin is your mascot, isn't he?" Jack said, as the dog raised his paw.

"He's more than that," said the Captain. "Rin is an honest-to-goodness policeman. He's one of the bravest. Only last night he tracked a burglar, knocked him down, and stood barking until Officer Bailey arrested the man. After that, Rin brought in the kit of tools the burglar had dropped."

"Rin makes one more kind of policeman to add to our list, doesn't he?" said Betty Martin.



"How many kinds can you name?" asked the Captain.

"Patrolmen, traffic officers, mounted police, motor-cycle cops, radio-car police, state police, detectives," Betty answered.

"Good!" said Captain Newell. "I noticed the word *cops*; that's American slang for policemen. In England, where my cousin lives, the slang word is *bobby*. I don't know why Americans use the word *cop*, but it's easy to see how the word *bobby* came into use. To understand, you must know that an Englishman named Sir Robert Peel helped to form the policemen of London into ranks, somewhat like those of an army."

"Bobby is short for Robert!" exclaimed Betty.

"Yes," said the Captain. "Now I'll ask a question. Why do we have 'express' police?"

It was Jack who answered. "The mounted or motorcycle policemen can quickly catch a law-breaker who is trying to make a 'get away,' but the radio-car police are the fastest of all."

"Well, well!" said the Captain. "I see that you children know more about us than I thought you did."

"Captain Newell, what happened to the driver who knocked down Officer Smith yeaterday?" asked Betty.

"He got what was coming to him," said the Captain.

"The judge heard the case. He is the police magistrate for this district. He sent the driver to jail because the man had been drinking, and because he had broken traffic laws several times before.

"Not all cases are heard by a police magistrate. If the case is more serious, the accused person must appear before a higher court."

WHY WE NEED POLICEMEN

"You may wonder why there is any law," the Captain added. "How could we avoid having laws? Suppose we are in a group of five hundred people cast ashore on some island in the Pacific Ocean, far from the mainland and out of the path of steamers. Let us suppose there is plenty of fresh water on the island, that fruit and vegetables grow everywhere, and there is enough food for everybody. We are

perfectly happy in this distant place—we may think we have no need of laws and courts and policemen.

“But don’t we need them, after all? Let us think what would happen. You see a big ripe coconut at the top of a tree. You climb up the trunk after it. You reach it and it falls to the ground. I happen to be walking by. I pick up the coconut and start away with it.

“‘That is my coconut,’ you say. ‘Give it to me.’

“‘It is my coconut,’ I reply. ‘Try to get it.’

“Well, you try to take the coconut away from me, and there is a fight. And the peace of that island paradise is pretty well broken up.

“At last, all five hundred of us get together and resolve that there shall be no fighting over coconuts or anything else. And there you already have a law established.

“So now we have laws in our little community. Two days later there is another fight. The whole community cannot always assemble to stop us. Instead, some one man does the work of the whole community and stops our fight. In doing this he becomes our first policeman.

“Now we have law and police. How do we get a court? Well, someone says that the policeman hit him over the head with a club. The policeman says that he did nothing of the sort. Who is to decide which is right? Surely there must be a judge to question the person accused and the one who

accuses him and the witnesses. So we have our court established.

"Now our island community has its laws and police and court. And so it continues to be a place wherein people may live together in safety and happiness.

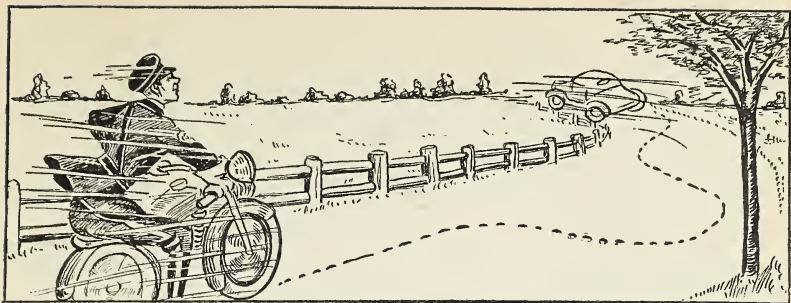
"Some time your teacher may take you to a hearing at our Juvenile Court, where the excuses of boys and girls who have made mistakes are heard by Judge Merritt. He is a very kind judge, and tries to help young people.

"You see, some children grow up with wrong ideas. But you children have many advantages in your school. You are taught about good citizenship. That's one reason you can help us policemen to keep law and order. You can help us save lives. Your teacher has talked with me about this. Safety Rules prevent trouble. . . . Hello, there's the phone! I hope a search isn't being made for you folks. I didn't realize how long I had talked. Good-by, come again."

He waved his hand as he lifted the receiver, and the class filed out of the police station.

HOW COUNTRY PLACES ARE PROTECTED

Just as the city police protect the city, so the village "watchmen" and the state police protect our country places. Nearly every small town has its own peace officer, called the *constable*. His chief duties are to serve warrants and arrest those who



do wrong. But in most towns he also helps to keep good order. He may wear a police badge, but he seldom wears a uniform.

While the constable takes care of his own community, the *state policemen* take care of the open country. They guard the scattered farms—the people who live outside the villages. The state policemen wear neat uniforms and patrol the rural districts on motorcycles. They prevent speeding on the highway, protect travelers from careless motorists and drivers, and arrest lawbreakers and disturbers of the peace. The state police headquarters are at the State Capital, with stations at convenient places.

If there is trouble anywhere, a phone call to the nearest state police station will bring a police officer almost as quickly as in the city.

In the Country

1. If you live in a country district, tell how it is protected. What work does the sheriff do?
2. Who directs traffic? How do state police help?

A SCRAPBOOK FOR COMMUNITY HELPERS

Make a scrapbook in which to paste pictures and stories of our Community Helpers. At the top of the first few pages print: The Policeman. What kinds of pictures shall you paste in under this title?

On a separate page write a list of some of the traffic laws of your town or city.

Ask your teacher about making fingerprints of the members of your class, and about holding a mock trial.

THE FIREMAN THE STORY OF A FIRE

JACK GIVES THE ALARM

Jack Hillman was a newspaper carrier before breakfast, a schoolboy after breakfast, and his mother's right-hand-man the rest of the time.

On the morning of this story, Jack had finished delivering his newspapers—all but three papers. It was about six o'clock and daylight was just breaking through the fog. The place was a quiet street of three-story houses.

As Jack passed the third house from the end of the row, he happened to glance at the cellar window. A small cloud of smoke was gushing out between the sash and the window frame. He watched it a moment, and then ran to the window.

"It's smoke! It's smoke!" he cried, and peered in. The whole cellar was full of smoke.

Jack looked up and down the quiet street. No



one was in sight. He ran up the steps of the house, pounded on the door with his fist, and pushed the bell button; but no one answered.

Then he ran down the middle of the street crying:

“FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!”

A man put his head out of a door halfway up the block. Jack ran to him and pointed back to the smoke.

Just then he remembered the red *fire-alarm box on the next corner*. In his excitement he had not thought about telephoning the fire department.

“Get the people out of the house, will you?” cried Jack to the man. “I’ll turn in the alarm!”

It seemed miles to the alarm box; but he really was not more than a minute in reaching it.

Jack had often read the directions beside the little square of glass on the red box:

To give alarm
break glass
open door
pull hook all the way down
and let go.

Jack looked about for a stone with which to break the glass; but there was no loose stone in that smooth-paved street. Something must be done at once. Using his elbow for a hammer, he struck the glass a sharp blow.

Crash went the thin glass to the pavement, and a little handle was within reach. Grasping it firmly, Jack turned it to the right and the red door flew open. Inside he saw a long curved slot and a hook at the top of it, and the directions:

“Pull the hook all the way down and let go.”

Trembling with excitement, Jack pulled the hook to the bottom of the slot and let go.

Instantly the bell began to ring: Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Hurrah—the alarm was in!

Again Jack looked up and down the street. To his relief, he saw his friend, the policeman on the beat, coming toward him.

Quickly Jack told his story. “Good work, Jack, good work! You stay here and direct the firemen



where to go"; and the policeman hurried away to the fire.

Still the bell in the box was ringing merrily, but no firemen were to be seen. "Will they never come?" thought Jack. Clang! clang! a little red automobile came dashing down the street. As a matter of fact, it was just two minutes since Jack had "pulled the box."

Jack knew the man in the car. He was one of his heroes, the battalion chief. The wail of the siren told him that one of the big fire fighters was close behind. It was engine number 29; then came hosecart number 21, and ladder truck number 12, crowded with men. The clanging gongs echoed through the street.

“Right around the corner, Seventh and Poplar!” shouted Jack, pointing the way.

“Seventh and Poplar! Seventh and Poplar!” he cried, as one by one they dashed by; then, his duty done, he ran after them.

AT THE FIRE

When Jack arrived, breathless and panting, he saw that the cellar was blazing and that smoke was pouring out of the first- and second-story windows.

On the order to “search the house,” three firemen broke open the door and rushed in. As they entered, a thick cloud of smoke came pouring out.

Already the hosemen were shooting great streams of water into the cellar. The chief in command was giving his orders in a quick, cool voice. There was no confusion; every man knew exactly what to do, and did it.

“Is there anybody in the house?” Jack asked eagerly of the man who lived halfway up the block.

“I hardly think so,” he said.

Just then the chief cried, “Look out! here comes Jim!” Through the flames and the stream of water one of the firemen dashed out, his clothing afire, and his coat tightly wrapped over something in his arms.

Quickly the men smothered the fire on his clothing. Then he opened his coat. Inside was a plump baby, safe and clean in its little nightgown. How the crowd cheered when they saw it! A woman broke

through the fire lines. The fireman quickly placed the rescued baby in her arms and started for the doorway again; but the chief grasped him by the arm.

"You can't go back, Jim! Stay here!" he ordered.

"A woman and a girl are in there; I must go!" cried Jim.

"Shorty and Charlie can take care of them. You stay here!" commanded the chief. His practiced eye told him that no man, however brave, could go in through that blazing doorway and come out again alive.

The chief anxiously looked at the upper windows. Shorty and Charlie had just climbed the ladder and gone inside the burning building.

Suddenly a third-story window was wrenched out with a crash of broken glass, far from the ladder Shorty and Charlie had climbed.

"There they are! There they are!" shouted the crowd.

Charlie was leaning out of the window, and beside him was a woman waving her arms wildly and shrieking, "Help! Help! Help!"

Already the laddermen had another long three-story ladder standing erect in the air; almost before its top swung against the window sill, a ladderman was nimbly climbing up.

Now those who could see well learned one way in which a fireman carries a person down a ladder. The ladderman grasped firmly each upright of the

ladder, while Charlie lifted out a twelve-year-old girl and laid her firmly over the lifesaver's shoulders.

Carefully he began to go down with his burden, step by step. In less time than it takes to tell it, he reached the bottom. The people shouted in relief, and a voice cried, "All the children are saved! Hurrah!"

As the fireman again quickly went up the ladder, the woman was seen to topple over backwards. She had fainted when she knew that the children were safe.

In a few seconds the ladderman stood at the top, his arms bent and braced as before. Quickly Charlie laid a long bundle across the ladderman's shoulders. It was the mother wrapped in a blanket. Swiftly, yet carefully, he came down. It is no easy task to carry a heavy woman down a three-story ladder, with smoke blinding the eyes and fire scorching the face and hands.

Soon the ladderman reached the ground, and tender hands relieved him of his burden.

THE RESCUE OF SHORTY

"Where's Shorty?" asked the Chief, of the man who had just come down.

"He's all in; lying up there on the floor, unconscious. Charlie's ready to keel over, too," he said.

"I'll bring Shorty down," cried Dick, a fireman who heard the Chief's question.

As he sprang up the ladder, the Chief shouted up after him, "Tell Charlie to come down!"

Meanwhile, the smoke began to pour out of the rescue window at the top of the ladder, and the fire was creeping slowly up through the wooden floors. Charlie had disappeared from the window. There was not a second to lose.

As Shorty's rescuer reached the top of the ladder, the watchers saw him jump through the smoke into the window. In a moment, he was seen pushing Charlie toward the ladder and urging him to go down; but Charlie held back.

"Come down, Charlie! Come down!" shouted the Chief, using his hands as a trumpet.

Charlie climbed out of the window, and began slowly and painfully to go down the ladder, like a man in a daze. The smoke and flames poured out of the windows and scorched his flesh and clothing, while the firemen below played a stream of water between him and the wall for protection.

His comrades reached up for him as he neared the bottom; and it is well that they did, for brave Charlie could stand no more. He fell unconscious into their arms. They carried him to a safe place for first-aid treatment.

Now the people outside the fire lines were to see a thrilling deed. Through the smoke they saw Dick climb out of the window onto the ladder—but not alone. Hanging over Dick's back was the unconscious Shorty, his arms around Dick's neck and his wrists firmly tied in front. The crowd wondered how they ever would get down safely.

Dick began to climb down with his heavy load, rung by rung. The flames shot out from the windows, and the suffocating smoke almost hid the men from view. Breathless, the people watched them on the slender ladder, high in the air, surrounded by smoke and flame, one man unconscious and a dead weight on the other man's back.

The only sounds heard were the crackling of the flames and the swish of the water as it played and sizzled on the fire. Suddenly the silence was broken by a great crash—one of the floors had fallen in.

But Dick came down quickly, lower and lower, nearer and nearer to safety. Although his hands and face were scorching and his clothes catching fire, his heart did not flinch. Dick had only one thought, to get Shorty to the foot of the ladder. A few steps more and the deed was done. Upstretched hands supported him; his feet touched the ground; Shorty was saved!

Then the people cheered and cheered again; and well they might, for they had seen the speedy rescue of lives by heroes who freely risk their own in the performance of duty.

By this time the efforts of the firemen began to tell; the water began to conquer the flames, and the danger was over.

The Chief, who now had time to look about him, spied Jack at the fire line.

"Come here," he called.

Jack ran, proud to be noticed by the Chief.



“You are the boy who turned in the alarm, aren’t you?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” replied Jack.

“Good work, my boy, good work! Come around to the fire station and see me after school today.”

“Thank you,” said Jack, “I will.”

For the first time since the excitement began, Jack realized that he had lost the three papers that he had been carrying under his arm. He got three more and delivered them quickly; then he ran home to tell his mother all about the fire.

Helping the Firemen

1. Make a list of the work the firemen did besides putting out the fire.

2. How did they try to prevent the fire from spreading to other houses?
3. How should a fire-alarm box be used? When?
4. Tell of a fire you have seen.
5. How do the police help the firemen at a fire?

WHAT FIRE WASTES

Every year America loses millions of dollars because of fires. To understand what a great amount of money is wasted, you should think about what such a sum would buy.

It would build a road four hundred miles long, and provide on every hundred-foot lot on each side a house costing \$7,000. In each house there might be furniture costing \$3,000. With each house there might be a garage costing \$1,000, inside of which could be a \$1,500 car. For expenses, \$3,000 a year could be given each home with \$2,000 for a trip to Europe. After all this was done, there would be over three million dollars for building schools, town halls, and other public buildings.

Stand in front of a clock and watch the long hand creep steadily from minute to minute. Every time it passes a minute mark, say to yourself: "Another fire has broken out; perhaps somebody's dearly-loved home is being destroyed, or some child is being terribly burned." Then add, "It could have been prevented."

Every morning when you wake up, you may be sure that there will be hundreds of fires throughout



This picture shows you how firemen can keep a large fire under control with modern equipment

the country before night. When you go to sleep at night, you may be certain that there will be many fires somewhere in the United States before morning. Every day of twenty-four hours, an average of more than 1,500 fires break out in this country.

There will be 1,500 more fires tomorrow, another 1,500 the day after tomorrow, and so on, sometimes a few more and sometimes a few less, but about 1,500 for each day. Think of it—these fires haven't yet occurred, and they wouldn't occur if everyone only would be careful.

If all the buildings that are burned every year in the United States were placed on lots of 50-foot frontage, they would line both sides of a street reaching from New York to San Francisco. A person walking along this street would pass in every quarter of a mile a ruin from which an injured person was taken. At every third of a mile in this journey he would find that a human being had been burned to death.

All this means a good deal to boys and girls, for two reasons. In the first place, they should think of themselves as citizens, because in a few years they will be owning the property of their parents and paying the taxes of the nation. In the second place, while yet children, they can help in saving their homes and neighborhoods from much of this loss. They can tell their parents and friends about what they are trying to do, and ask them to help to start a Safety Campaign.

WHEN A FIRE BREAKS OUT

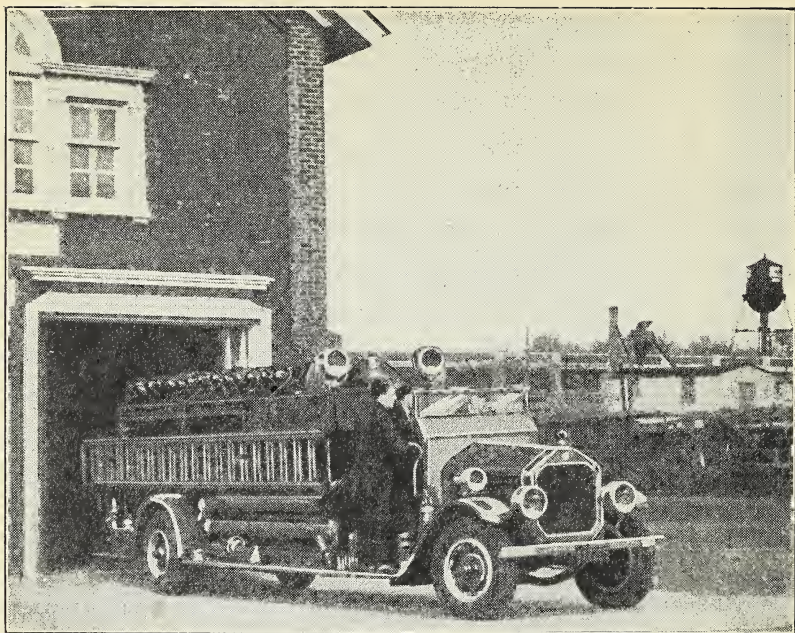
A city fire department is ready at all times to speed to fires within thirty seconds after an alarm is sent in. To be slow in sending in an alarm keeps the firemen from doing their best work, and is the cause of nearly every large fire that occurs. In order to help the firemen, remember this:

The telephone is usually the quickest means of sending in an alarm. When a fire breaks out, run to the nearest telephone, call the operator, and tell her where the fire is, giving the street number. The telephone operator will call the nearest fire station at once.

If you cannot reach a telephone quickly, run to the nearest fire-alarm box, and give the alarm. Stay near the box when it has been pulled in order to direct the firemen.

Duties of a Fireman

1. In case of fire:
 - Protect life and property.
 - Make speedy rescues and carry persons to places of safety.
 - Put out fires and prevent their spreading to other property.
2. When buildings collapse:
 - Rescue persons and recover bodies.
 - Clear away debris and remove weak and dangerous parts of buildings.
3. Inspect buildings next door and warn the people to vacate if the buildings are found to be weakened.



A fire engine with equipment in front of the fire house

A VISIT TO A FIRE HOUSE

I

Jack Owens' uncle was the captain of a city fire company. Jack was delighted when his uncle told him that he might invite his class to visit the fire house.

The first thing the children saw inside the fire house was the huge fire engine. A fireman was polishing its bright metal trimmings. Alongside the fire engine stood the hook and ladder truck—the kind of truck that always follows the engine to a fire. Behind the engine was the hose cart, and

near by stood a small chemical engine to be used in case of small fires.

After Captain Powell had shown them these things, he told the children he would be glad to answer any questions that they would like to ask.

“What happens when an alarm is pulled?” Jack asked.

“The signal flashes in the Central Fire Station, which is the headquarters of the Fire Chief. It shows which alarm box was pulled. You may know that cities are divided into fire districts, with one or more fire stations in each. When an alarm comes into the Central Station, it is sent out to all the fire stations in and near the district in which the fire is located.”

Captain Powell stopped to listen to the ringing of the fire gong. The other firemen also stopped to listen.

“It’s not for us, boys,” the Captain said, and the men went back to their tasks.

“Why do firemen come down a brass pole instead of the stairs?” a girl asked.

“Because not a second must be lost in getting to a fire. Come upstairs and I will show you how quickly it’s done.”

In a large room on the upper floor were rows of beds in which some of the firemen were sleeping. They wore blue shirts over their underwear. Beside each man were his “turn-out” trousers and boots.



Firemen sliding down the pole to report for duty

"It takes only an instant to jump into the turn-outs and be on the first floor," Captain Powell said; and before the children's very eyes he disappeared down the brass pole in the center of the floor.

"You boys can go down the pole, or the stairs," he called.

Of course you know what the boys did. Jack went down the pole first, landing on a cushion at the base.

"That's how time is saved in getting to fires," said the Captain when the children had gathered around him again. "Speed! Speed! Speed! That's every fireman's aim."

II

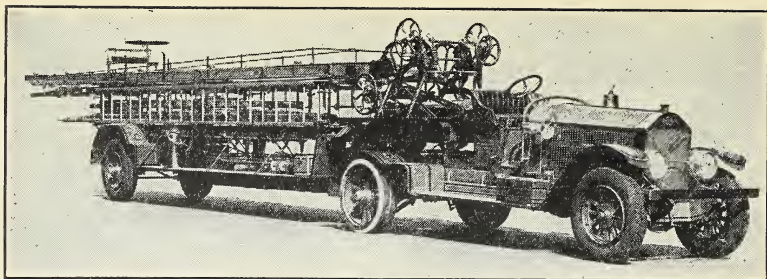
"Now come into the dining room," said the Captain. "I want to introduce you to our engineer."

"Dining room!" exclaimed one of the girls. "Do the firemen live in the fire houses?"

"Yes, except for their days off," the Captain said. "You see, we must be on hand when an alarm comes in."

While he was speaking, he led the visitors through the kitchen into the dining room. There they met Joe, the engineer, and Teddy, a fox terrier, the firemen's mascot.

"Teddy thinks he's as important as Joe," said Captain Powell as they came into the hall. "He wants to ride beside him to every fire. He seems to know that the engineer is about the most important man in a fire company. He must keep his engine in perfect order. He is the first man on call. Joe is the quickest driver in this city. He has driven our engine for seven years without one accident. You must know how careful the drivers of fire engines and fire trucks have to be, if you have ever



A ladder truck

seen them going to a fire. You know too why the siren shrieks as they speed along. Even when in such hurry they think of Safety First. If careless people get in the way and an accident happens, everyone knows that the firemen tried to avoid such a thing.

“When the fire engine reaches the burning building, the motor is used for pumping water through the hose on the fire. Certain firemen fasten the hose to the hydrant or fire plug. Others raise the ladders on the hook and ladder truck; the motor is used in doing this. First the broadest ladder is made to stand up; then the other ladders are made to rise on it until the long extension ladder reaches the roof.

“Firemen also carry scaling ladders. They have been taught to climb like monkeys. The scaling ladder is used for breaking a window with its hooked end. The hook is fastened over the window sill; then the fireman climbs up the ladder into the window. Sometimes a fireman climbs into very high windows in this way. He carries a safety belt which he uses in case of need to let himself down.”

III

"Does each fireman have a certain place to ride on the trucks?" a boy asked.

"Every man," said the Captain. "Almost as soon as the gong stops ringing, the men are in their places, putting on their black rubber coats and helmets as they ride."

"Why don't they wear caps?" a girl asked.

"A fire helmet protects the head. It is made of metal covered with leather. The broad part of the brim protects the neck and shoulders from sparks and spurting water.

"If you ever have seen a large fire, you may have noticed one fireman who was dressed in a white coat and helmet. He is the Fire Chief. He wears a white uniform in order that the men may easily see him. His orders are law. All firemen must obey him, even to risking their lives; but the Chief never asks one of his men to do what he himself is not willing to do. Many times since I have been in this service, I have seen our Chief carried out of a burning building unconscious."

"Did you send for a doctor?" Jack asked.

"There isn't time for that. When a person is overcome by gas fumes, certain firemen use a machine for pumping air into his lungs. They also use first-aid treatment. They lay the man down on his stomach, face to one side, and press with their hands against his ribs every few seconds until he gets his breath. Firemen and policemen are taught what to

do when accidents happen. Many lives might be saved if all citizens knew more about first aid.

"When a fireman has to enter a place filled with smoke and gas fumes, he usually uses a gas mask. Sometimes there isn't time to put it on. A fireman's motto is: Think not of self. Save life and property."

"I've heard of a *life gun*, but I have never seen one," said a boy.

Then Captain Powell showed the children how a life gun is used—like any other gun; but instead of firing a bullet it shoots a metal cap to which a line is attached. The line is carried to the firemen on the roof. You can imagine why such a gun is called a *life gun*.

Then the Captain explained how the *life net* is used. "Several firemen hold the circular metal pipe to which the rubber net is fastened, so that the person in danger may jump into the net. In the middle is a red disk, to help the person to aim for the center of the net."

IV

"Even with our best efforts," the Captain went on to say, "thousands of lives are lost every year because of fire. There are a few things that I want you boys and girls to remember especially:

"If caught in a building when fire breaks out, do not rush to the exits! More people have been trampled to death by crowds than have ever been counted. Act as you would in a fire drill.

"Always notice where the exits of a building are, also the fire escapes. Notice the red lights.

"If you are near a burning building, stand in as safe a place as possible. It is strange that people try to go near such danger. In large fires the policemen rope off the most dangerous places, not only to keep the firemen from being hindered in their work, but also to prevent loss of lives.

"Last of all, if you want to help us, try to prevent fires. Jack has told me that your teacher is going to talk to you about this. If you want to be good citizens, help us save life and property."

V

"We have a Volunteer Fire Company in Brighton," said one of the girls. "The men are not paid firemen—they offer their services. When the fire siren blows, Dad makes a dash for the garage. That is the one time he speeds."

"Yes," Jack added. "Alma's father is our Fire Chief. Our Fire Department has just bought a new engine. The Ladies Auxiliary gave a dinner last month to help pay for it. They made over a hundred dollars."

"That's fine," said Captain Powell. "When I lived in Brighton, we had no fire department; and of course, no fire siren. When a fire broke out, somebody struck a blow on an iron ring that was fastened to a chain that hung from a wooden frame. Then all the neighbors ran to the rescue——"

“Here comes our bus!” cried Jack. “We’ll have to go now.”

“Good-by, Captain Powell. Thank you. Thank you very much,” the children called as they ran.

Planning a Visit

1. Would you like to visit the nearest fire house? Perhaps a committee can plan to take all the pupils in your grade, or will make such a visit and tell about what they saw.

2. Write a letter, inviting a fire chief to visit your school. Make a list of questions that you would like to ask him. He rescues people and animals from other dangers than fire. Ask him about such services.

3. If you have a camera, take it with you. You may want to take pictures of the firemen at work in the fire house or something else that interests you there.

LEARNING MORE ABOUT THE FIREMAN

1. Where is the fire-alarm box nearest your home? your school?

2. Why should you stay on the sidewalk when fire engines are passing?

3. Play that you have discovered a fire. Show the class what you should do.

4. What happens to a person who is arrested for turning in a false alarm? Why do you think such punishment is right?

5. How does the fire drill often help to save lives? How does it help the firemen?

6. Find out how a hand fire extinguisher is used.

Why should there be such an extinguisher in every school? in every home? Do you know that sand is sometimes used for smothering flames? It does this by keeping air from the fire.

7. What is a draft? Why should the doors and windows of a burning building be kept shut if possible?

8. *In Your Scrap Book* print *The Fireman* at the top of several pages. What kinds of pictures shall you paste here? Print the title, *How We May Help Our Firemen*. What shall you write under this title?

9. One of the best ways to help firemen is to try to prevent fires. You will learn of many ways of doing this when you read about "The Ash and Rubbish Collector" and "Helping Safety First." Leave a space in which to write some of these helps when you read about them.

10. Why is it wrong for a smoker to throw a lighted cigarette or cigar from an open window of an automobile?

THE POSTMAN

WRITING LETTERS

1. Oftentimes pupils are absent from school because of illness. It helps them very much to know that their friends are thinking about them. Write a letter to an absent pupil. Tell how much you miss seeing him. Try to think of something that will make him smile.

John Mason
R. D. #2, Box 73
Clinton, New York

Mr. Walter Brown
2479 Maple Avenue
Canton, Ohio

2. Read the address on the “envelope” above. Notice the order of the words which tell the postman where the letter is to go. First, the name of the person is written; next, the house number and the name of the street; then, the town or city and the state. The Post Office Department asks us to write in full the name of the state. Do not use commas at the ends of the lines in the address on the envelope.

3. The person to whom a letter is addressed is called the *addressee*. If the addressee lives on a rural mail route and has no house number and street address, address the letter in the way John Mason wrote his return address in the upper left-hand corner on the letter he sent to Mr. Brown. The letters R. D. mean *Rural Delivery*, the term generally used; but the words *Rural Route* are sometimes used. What does *rural* mean? How does the number of the delivery route help the postmaster in sorting the mail? What is a “return” address?

Ruth Smith lives near Richfield, Iowa, on rural route number 3, and her mail-delivery box is number 18. Make an envelope, or draw the picture of one, and address it to Ruth Smith.

Let us follow the letter on its journey to Ruth Smith. It is first dropped into the letter box or handed to the postman. At the post office it is sorted from many other letters and put with other mail that is to go to Iowa. When the letter reaches Richfield, the postmaster or one of his clerks puts it into the rural mailbag. The rural mail carrier will stop his automobile, or wagon, and place the letter in the delivery box at the end of the lane that leads to the farm house in which Ruth Smith lives. Then he will set the signal which shows that there is mail in the box. When Ruth sees the signal, she will run to the box and get her letter.

Write a story about the journey of some other letter, one that you have mailed.

A STORY TOLD BY STARS

The next time that you see a letter carrier, look at the stars on the sleeve of his uniform. They tell an interesting story. Perhaps you will see one star, perhaps two stars, perhaps more. They tell you the number of years the letter carrier has been working for Uncle Sam. If you see three gold stars on a sleeve, you know that the man has served his country faithfully for forty-five years.

If your postman wears two silver stars, how many years has he been in the mail service? You will find the answer here:

BLACK

- 1 black star: 5 years
- 2 black stars: 10 years

RED

- 1 red star: 15 years
- 2 red stars: 20 years

SILVER

- 1 silver star: 25 years
- 2 silver stars: 30 years

GOLD

- 1 gold star: 35 years
- 2 gold stars: 40 years
- 3 gold stars: 45 years

Draw and color a picture of the sleeve of a postman who has served his country thirty-five years. Draw two or three other pictures of postmen's sleeves. Pass the pictures to other pupils. Ask them to write beneath the pictures a story about the faithful services that the stars show.

Playing Postmaster

Select a postmaster and a clerk to help him, also several letter carriers. Write letters or post cards to friends; either mail them at the post office, or in a letter box, or hand them to a letter carrier.

The postmaster or clerk cancels the stamps. Why are postage stamps canceled? The letters are sorted. Those which are addressed to distant places are put into outgoing mailbags. Those addressed to people in the town in which the post office is located are passed for delivery to the carriers, or are held at the general-delivery window.

Perhaps a committee will make plans for your class to visit the nearest post office. Write a letter to the postmaster requesting a guide. What shall you look for on your visit? What shall you buy—stamps, envelopes, or post cards?



The postman is giving the boy the morning mail

HOW WE MAY HELP THE POSTMAN

1. By addressing letters properly.
2. By writing plainly in addressing letters.
3. By placing the stamp in the upper right-hand corner.
4. By answering the bell promptly when the postman rings.
5. By saving time for the postman by having a mailbox.

Boys and girls are saved many a long tramp by the faithful services of the postman. How?

UNCLE SAM'S POST OFFICES

THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Every town and city in every state of the nation has a post office of its own. The Post Office Department of the United States has its main offices in Washington, D. C. The Postmaster-General is appointed by the President of the United States, and has full charge of it.

In Colonial times the post routes ran from Maine to Georgia. It cost six cents to send a letter the first thirty miles. If a letter was to be carried four hundred fifty miles or more, the charge was twenty-five cents. What is the charge today?

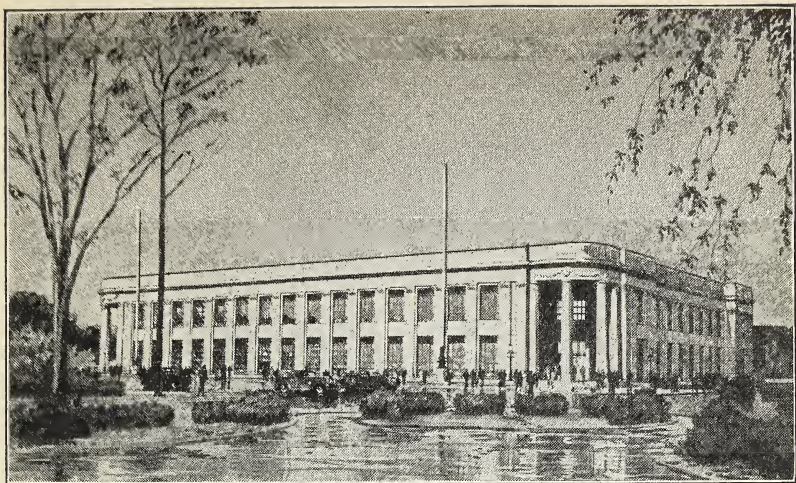
The mails were carried from town to town by letter carriers on horseback. Few letters were delivered to houses. The people called at their post offices for their mail.

Look for the word *post* in the dictionary. Tell the class why the places in which our mails are cared for are called *post offices*.

POSTAGE STAMPS

When letters were first carried by post, the cost was paid with coins; but a much better way was soon arranged by our government.

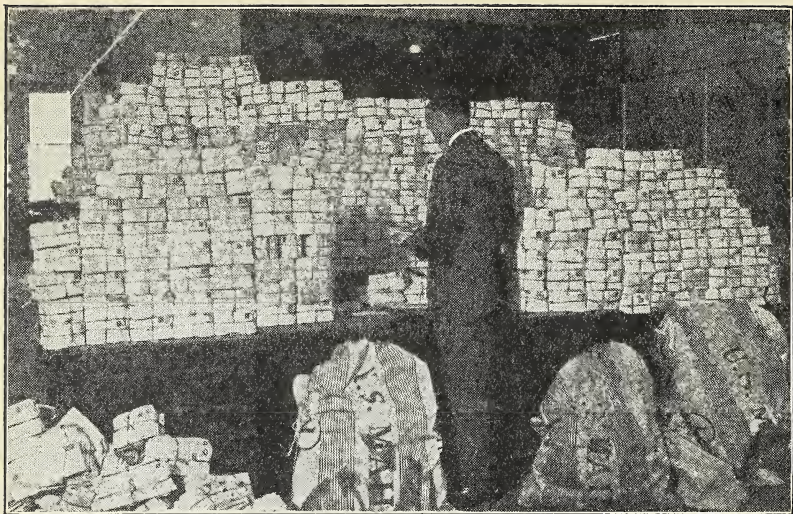
In 1847, the government began to print and sell postage stamps. This business has grown rapidly. There are now about forty-nine thousand post offices



A modern post office in one of our large cities

in this country. Postage stamps are for sale in every one of them.

You have seen the postmaster weigh articles to be mailed before he told the sender how much must be paid for the stamps. Not only the *weight* makes a difference in the charge but also the *kind* of article makes a difference. Letters are considered the most important class of mail. Therefore, for every ounce that they weigh, letters cost more than any other class of mail. Now you can see why the government prints stamps of different values, from one-half cent up to five dollars. Since 1898 the government has printed them in different colors: one-cent stamps in green; two-cent stamps in carmine; three-cent stamps in violet, and so on. Which stamps are used the most for letter postage?



One day's collection of dead letters

DEAD LETTERS

Perhaps you will meet a friend sometime who will say, "Why didn't you answer my letter?" and you will say, "I did not get a letter from you."

When a letter does not reach the right place, the poorly-written address is usually found to be the reason. Many millions of letters never reach the people for whom they are intended because they are not addressed fully and properly. If the post office cannot deliver the letter, it is returned to the sender. For this reason, the government asks every writer of a letter to put his own address on all mail.

If the letter cannot be delivered or returned to the sender, it is sent to the Dead Letter Office in Washington. In one year more than twenty million

letters were sent to that office. There clerks open every letter to find out the address of the person who sent it. Today about sixteen "dead" letters out of every hundred are returned to the senders. The letters that do not show the address of the sender are destroyed. Some of the letters that are sent to the Dead Letter Office contain money. The money that cannot be returned to the sender is used by the national Post Office Department.

MONEY ORDERS

The best way to send money through the mail is by Money Order. The sender takes the money to the post office, and is given an Application for a Money Order. On this he writes the name of the person to whom the money is to be paid, and the amount. He signs his own name with his address, and the postmaster gives him a Money Order for which he pays a few cents. He mails this, and keeps the receipt which he detaches from the order. When the person who receives the order takes it to his own post office, he is paid the amount stated in the Money Order.

About a quarter of a million postal Money Orders are sent and received by Americans every day.

Get a Money Order Application at your post office. Read the charges on the back. How much does it cost to send one dollar?

If someone at home has received a money order, ask permission to bring it to school.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS

If you wish to put your savings in a safe place, the government will keep them in the Postal Savings Bank. It is probably the safest place in the world. The post offices serve as savings banks for the people. Anyone over ten years of age may take one dollar or more to the nearest post office and start a savings account in his own name. Two per cent interest is paid for each full year that the money remains in the Postal Savings Bank. Amounts less than one dollar may be saved by buying postal savings stamps at ten cents each.

PARCEL POST

Until 1913 only parcels weighing four pounds or less could be sent through the mails, and the cost was sixteen cents a pound. At that rate how much was charged for a four-pound package?

Now it is possible to send large parcels at a much lower rate. The charge depends on the distance the parcel is to be carried, and on its weight. At the present time parcels weighing as much as seventy pounds may be sent by parcel post unless they are too large to come within a certain measurement.

Eggs, butter, and chickens are among the many articles that may be sent by parcel post. Name something that you have received recently by parcel post.

Parcel-post mail is carried not only by trains and busses but also by airplanes.



THE OLD



THE NEW

THE MAIL GOES THROUGH

The job of all mail carriers is to deliver the mail as quickly as possible. "Time is valuable," says the air mail pilot. "In these mail sacks may be messages that will save lives." He speeds the engine. In a few hours the mail is delivered even when flying has to be done only with the use of instruments; when flyers cannot see ahead because of fog, rain, or snow. This is called *flying blind*; even so, the mail is delivered just the same as in clear weather.

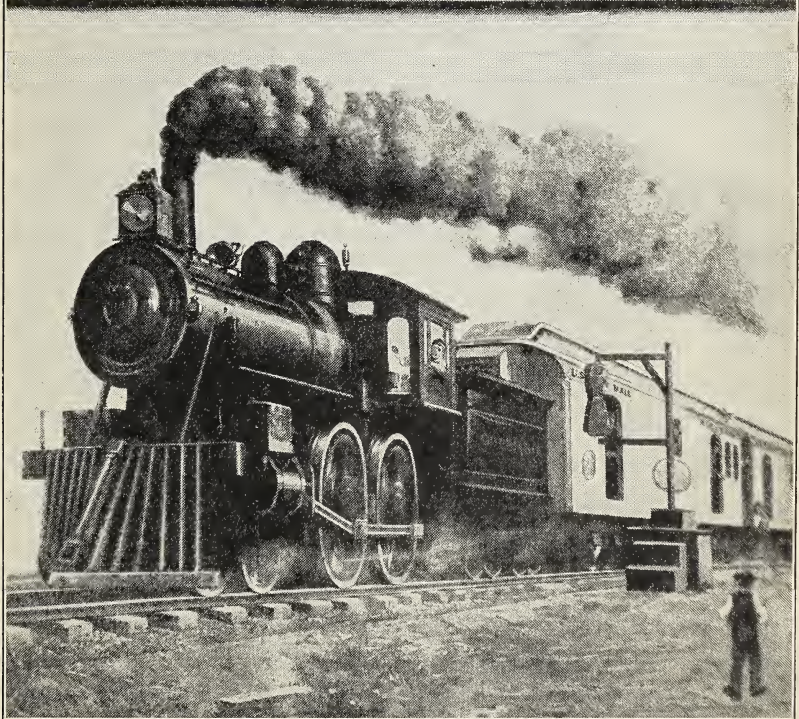
"Time is valuable," says the captain of the mail steamer. The men in the hold force the engines. Within a few days the mail has crossed the ocean.

Even the musher whose dog team carries mail uses the same idea. "Time counts," he says. "Mush! Mush!" and in a few weeks his sturdy team has crossed the frozen rivers and lakes and snow-covered mountains, and delivered the mail. With all the newer ways of carrying mail, dog teams are still used in the Frozen North.

In early days messages were carried by men on foot or on horseback. There were no trains, buses, or airplanes. For many years horses were used to carry mail. Perhaps you have heard of the Pony Express Route over which mail used to be carried on horseback more than half way across the United States. You know that fast trains are called express trains, and you may have guessed that the words Pony Express were used because the horses made the two thousand-mile trip so quickly—in ten days. This



1800 | MAIL CARRIER OF 100 YEARS AGO | 1800



Above—A Colonial “mail man” starting out with the mail
Below—Mail train in 1880 dropping mail and collecting
mail while going at full speed

fast time was made possible because the mail was carried by fresh riders and fresh horses from post to post along the route. Each letter was written on the thinnest paper, and the charge was five dollars for half an ounce. Later this was reduced to one dollar.

After the Pony Express was established in 1860, nearly five hundred horses and eighty riders were needed to carry the mail. The route lay across plains and snow-capped mountains. There were many dangers from storms and outlaws and Indians, but those brave mail carriers did not fail in their task.

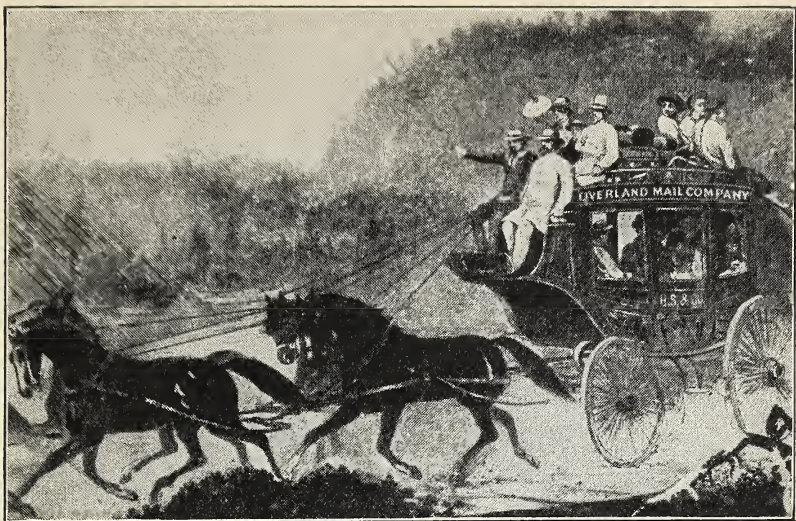
Something to Find Out

1. Ask at the library for a book which tells about the Pony Express. Be able to tell something about it to the class. The Pony Express Route began at St. Joseph, Missouri, and ended at San Francisco, California. Try to find out how long it takes an express train to carry mail the same distance.

2. In some foreign countries mail is still carried by men on foot; for example, over the mountains of China. Tell the class about this.

3. Among strange letter carriers are carrier pigeons. These birds have served soldiers well during wars, carrying messages where men could not go. In your Public Servants scrapbook perhaps you will paste pictures of pigeons carrying mail.

4. Name as many different ways of carrying mail as you can. Tell a story about the pictures, pages 197, 199.



An overland mail coach of about 1850

GROWING FAST

Parcels as well as letters may be sent by air mail. At one time special air-mail stamps were required, but now ordinary stamps may be used if the words "Via Air Mail" are written or printed plainly below the stamps.

The air mail is important because on most routes the airplanes travel about three times as fast as railroad trains. By air mail a letter goes from New York to San Francisco in about one fourth the time that it takes a railroad train.

1. Find New York and San Francisco on a map. Why is this an ocean-to-ocean trip?

2. Why are air-mail pilots very anxious that mails shall be delivered on time?



Winter scene on a Rural Delivery Route

THE UNITED STATES MAIL IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

1. How often is mail collected from the box nearest your home?
2. When is it taken?
3. Is there a substation in your neighborhood?
4. Where does the mail go when it leaves the substation?
5. How does it travel?
6. How often does the postman deliver mail in your neighborhood?
7. *Stories to write.* (a) Pretend that you are a rural letter carrier. Write the story of one winter day's work. (b) Write a story about a package sent by parcel post. Find out about insuring mail; about registering mail.

THE STREET CLEANER

CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH

THE INDIANS' MOVING DAY

An Indian "village" became a very unpleasant place to live in unless it was kept clean. Litter, rubbish, dirt, and garbage gathered about the tepees and wigwams. The grown people lost their health, and the children suffered from disease. When these things began to happen, the Indians knew that they must either clean up the village or move to a new camping place. They chose to move.

In a very short time the tepees and wigwams were rolled up, the few household goods were packed, and the tribe set out on the march. The mothers mounted the ponies with their papooses, the men rode in front to clear the path.

When the tribe found a good place for their camp, high and dry with water near, they halted and untied their bundles. Then they set up their wigwams and built a new "village." Before night the Indians were living in their clean new home just as they had lived in the old one.

People who live in tents or in rough shelters that are easily moved, almost always use the Indians' way of getting clean places to live in. You do not need to be told that it is impossible for people who live in houses to pick them up and move them to a clean place when their towns and cities become dirty.

There are cities with hundreds of houses where the people have not found so good a way to keep clean

as these wandering tribes used. In the cities of many countries, filth is thrown into the narrow streets. You can imagine how those streets look. For thousands of years many of the people of those cities died of "filth" diseases. Yet those who live through the dangers today have not learned better ways.

CLEAN CITIES

You may think that Americans have always had clean cities. That is not true. It took many years to work out plans to make and keep their cities clean. Many of them still are filthier than they should be.

A city is really a big home of many people who live in different apartments or houses. Just as every house has to be cleaned every day, so does every city. Perhaps all your family help to keep your home clean; so should every citizen help to keep his town or city clean.

In a home there is usually a special day in the week that is known as *cleaning day*. Perhaps it is the duty of someone to sweep and dust, to carry trash out of the house, to sweep the walks. Our cities have public servants whose duty it is to keep the city clean. They work every day in different parts of the city. Among them are the Street Cleaner, the Garbage Collector, the Ash and Rubbish Collector.

If you ever have lived in a small town in which there were no street cleaners, no garbage collectors,

no ash and rubbish collectors, you know how hard it is for every family in such a place to keep their streets and houses and yards clean. This is especially true if there are no sidewalks and no sewers to carry away waste water.

Of course trash can be burned, but there is always danger of its setting a building afire. Garbage can be burned, but it is often thrown out on the open ground. Empty tin cans and other bits of rubbish are usually piled in a corner, waiting to be carried away—sometime. Such piles of unclean things are not only ugly but they are dangerous to health and safety.

Walk along a city street in a neighborhood where people are clean. On certain days of the week you may see rubbish neatly piled, waiting to be taken away by the collectors. When you return a few hours later, the trash and rubbish and garbage have disappeared. The street cleaners have been at work cleaning up.

Can you tell the class why every village, town, and city should have a Street-cleaning Department?

DUTIES OF STREET CLEANERS

All street cleaners should be required to wear uniforms and numbered badges. A "blockman" is a man who cleans the streets in certain blocks or streets. Each blockman usually has the following tools: a bag in a carrier on wheels, a scraper, brooms, sprinkler, fire hydrant key, and shovels.

In many cities, blockmen in white uniforms are constantly at work from seven o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon, except during the winter months when their hours are a little shorter. Sometimes when there is a heavy fall of snow, the street cleaners work all night.

In some cities in Europe the men who clean the streets wear handsome uniforms on which are pinned the medals they have won for fine service. The wagons or trucks in which they collect waste and refuse are gaily painted.

Germes of disease always lurk in filth. When the cleaners remove the hiding places of disease germs, they are serving their country by helping to keep the people healthy.

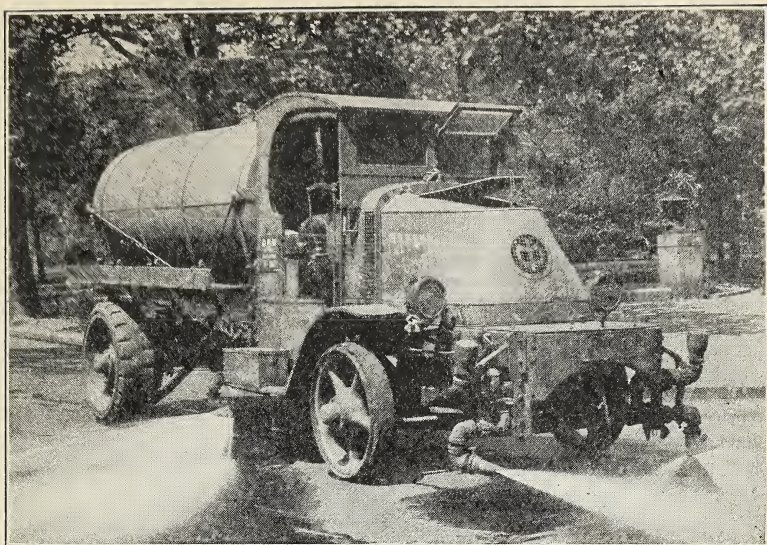
A large city street-cleaning department uses sprinkling wagons, flushing machines, machine brooms, dirt wagons and carts, and rubbish wagons. The ash trucks and garbage trucks are covered. Can you tell the class why?

How Street Cleaners Help Us to Keep Well

1. Why does the dust blowing about a street endanger the health of the people who breathe it? The germs of what diseases might be found in the dust of a street?

2. Why has each particle of dust been called a *germ airplane*?

3. Why do the street cleaners sprinkle the streets with water before sweeping them? Very often they flush them with water from the fire hydrants. Why?



Street flusher

4. Can you tell why clean, well-paved streets make it easier for people to have cleaner houses, cleaner clothes, and better health?

5. How is snow removed in your city or town?

6. Why must snow be taken away from fire hydrants as soon as possible?

7. Why is it necessary to keep gutters clean?

8. Who pay for having them cleaned?

9. Why is the work in crowded districts done at night, except in severe weather?

DOING YOUR PART

1. Not everyone can live in a fine home, but everybody can help make the streets clean and attractive. Name a pleasant street in your town.

What makes it look more attractive than some others? Is it a clean street? Are candy wrappers blowing about on it? banana skins? orange peels? broken boxes? Write a story about A Clean Street.

2. *A Clean-up Committee.* Does your class belong to the clean-up committee of your play grounds? If there is no such committee in your school, perhaps your teacher will help you plan to have one. Write a list of some things that such a committee might do.

3. *In Your Scrapbook.* At the top of a page print THE STREET CLEANER. What kinds of pictures shall you paste under this title? At the top of another page print DOING OUR PART. What shall you write under this title?

SPOTLESS STREET AND CARELESS STREET

Perhaps you would like to play "Two Street Cleaners." They stand at the corners of Spotless Street and Careless Street. One tells how tired he is. No one seems to care whether the street is clean or not. People throw things out of windows, boys scatter litter after it is piled up. He is going to get another job. On which street did he work? The other tells what a good time he has. Everyone helps; rubbish is placed in waste cans; no one throws things out of the windows. What else does he say? On which street does he work?

—*Bulletin*, OFFICE OF EDUCATION.



A modern covered garbage and rubbish truck

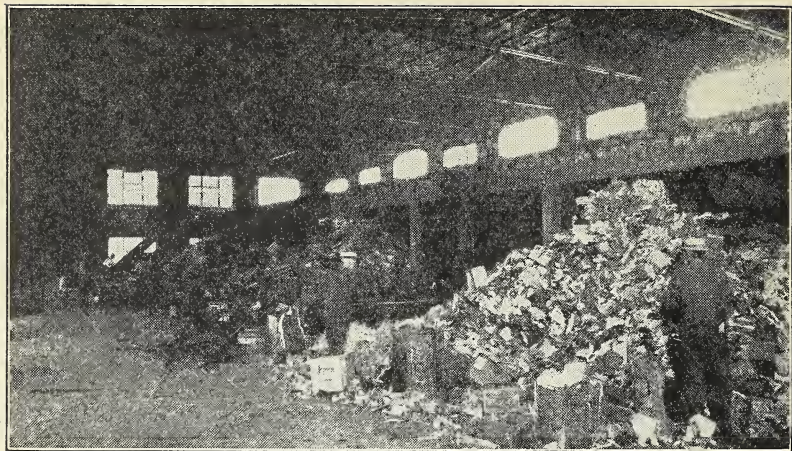
THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR

HOW THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR PROTECTS OUR HEALTH

METAL GARBAGE PAILS

No matter how careful a housekeeper may be about wasting food, no matter whether the meal is a big dinner or a simple supper—there is always something that must be thrown into the garbage pail. The disposal of garbage is a problem for the whole community.

Good citizens help by placing garbage in covered metal pails. Garbage should not be kept very long. It should be collected or burned as soon as possible, because it soon spoils, giving off bad odors, and endangering health. If left standing too long, ants



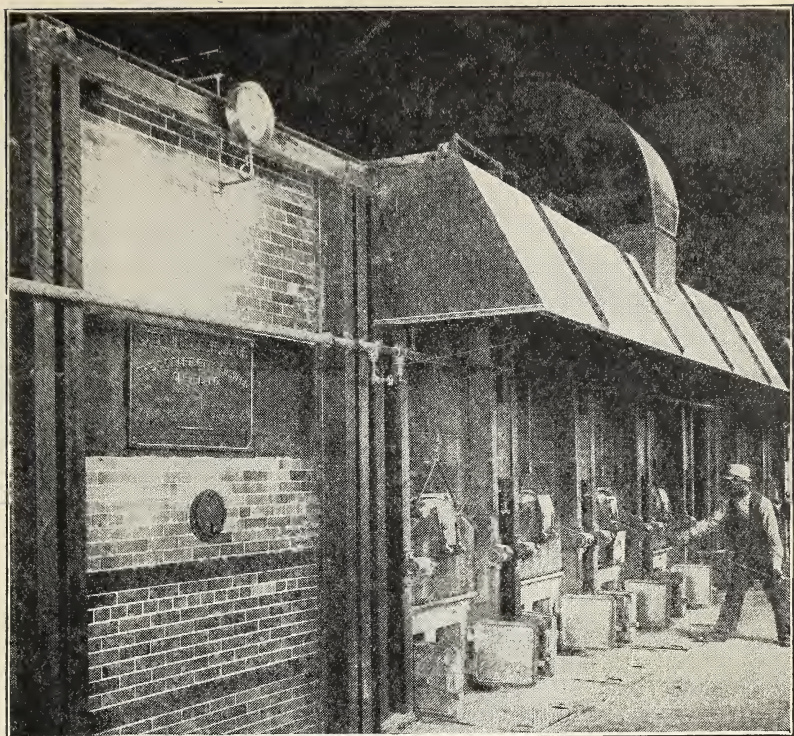
Garbage and rubbish delivered to the disposal plant and flies come to it; stray dogs or cats that are unfed may throw off the lid and spread the garbage.

It is a good thing for us that the garbage collector comes along with his truck and takes away this waste. Even in one week a big city would become unhealthful if garbage were not collected. The Indians moved away from a place when it became unfit. But no town or city can move from place to place. It must be kept clean and healthful.

Our community helper, the garbage collector, works to keep our community fit to live in. Let us help him to do a good job.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE GARBAGE

We get rid of garbage in different ways. From some towns the garbage is often hauled into the country and fed to pigs. For this reason people



Furnaces in garbage disposal plant

should be very careful not to throw glass or poisonous things into the garbage pails. The garbage from some towns is burned. In many places a valuable oil is taken from garbage by heating it, and a fertilizer is made from the part that is left. This pays well for large cities where many thousands of tons of garbage are collected in one year.

A VISIT TO A DISPOSAL PLANT

In some cities the collectors take the garbage to the river wharf and dump it into large flat-bottomed

boats called *scows*. These are drawn by tugboats down the river to a disposal plant.

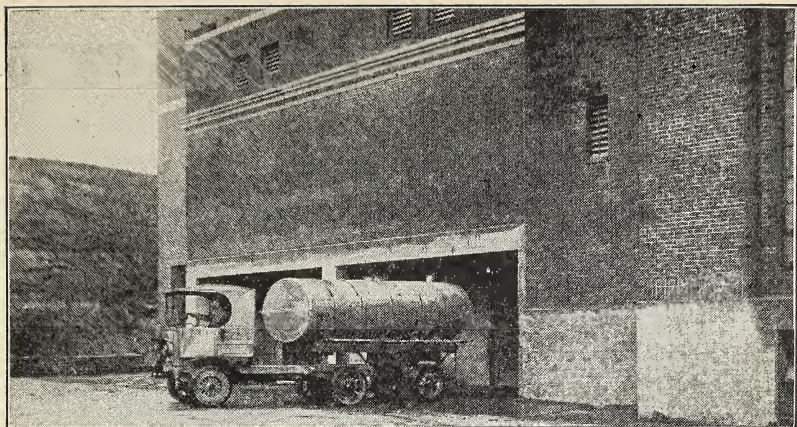
The garbage is thrown on broad belts which move slowly over very long tables. Men are seated on each side of the tables. They rake the garbage over with little rakes. The men like to do that kind of work because they may have whatever they find. Eyeglasses, dollar bills, coins, silver spoons, and the like are among the articles which have been accidentally thrown away. Sometimes diamond rings worth several hundred dollars are found.

The garbage on belts is kept moving to great vats. Here steam is driven through it, and the fat is melted down into oil. The oil is sold for making toilet creams, shoe polish, and soap. The remaining part is made into fertilizer. Small mountains of black fertilizer are loaded into barges and sent to many places for enriching farm land.

It may surprise you to know that usually the only odor given off by the steamed garbage is that of burnt coffee. Perhaps your teacher will take your class to visit a garbage disposal plant. Try to find out whether your city loses or makes money in getting rid of its garbage.

THE MOST WASTEFUL PEOPLE

It has been said that the American people are the most wasteful people in the world. We do not save little things. It is true that many of us are not as thrifty as we should be.



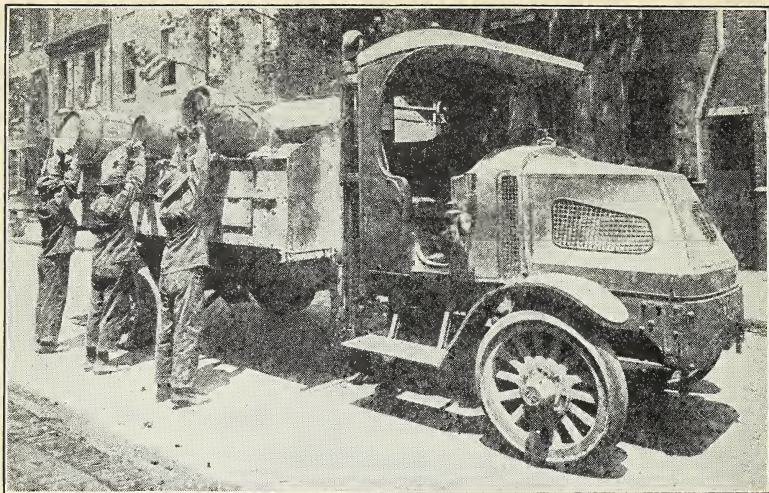
Tank of oil refined from garbage

Good meals could have been made from the food wasted in many garbage cans. The good food in American garbage cans, if used rightly, would feed many hungry people. Its cost would build many schoolhouses. It would pay for all the land in some of our states.

To throw away food is to throw away the money it costs. To save food is to save the money it costs. Many people are kept poor because they throw away what they could save. The waste of one slice of bread a day will cost about a dollar and a half in a year.

Getting Rid of Dangers

1. How does the garbage collector help the street cleaner?
2. Why is he an important city servant?
3. Why would doctors have much more work to do if there were no garbage collectors?



Ash and rubbish truck

4. Why should garbage cans be kept covered? Why should they be well cleaned at least twice a week?

5. Why should the garbage wagon or truck be covered?

6. *In Your Scrapbook*, at the top of a page print **THE GARBAGE COLLECTOR**. What kinds of pictures shall you paste in under this title? Can you show what is done with the garbage gathered in your city or town?

THE ASH AND RUBBISH COLLECTOR GETTING RID OF USELESS THINGS

Clean-up Week in many cities means getting rid of junk that has piled up in attics and basements during the year. We should do this kind of cleaning more than once a year. Both boys and girls should help at all times to keep these places free from litter. This will prevent fires and help to keep our homes healthful.

Nearly all communities have ash and rubbish collectors. If ashes are placed in metal cans, and paper and rubbish are tied up as they gather, our homes can be kept much neater. Boys can help their families by carrying ashes and rubbish out of the house, to be taken away by the collector. The collector will be helped by finding these things in good order.

The ash and rubbish collector is an important public helper. He comes to our homes to protect us from disease and fire by taking away useless things.

FIRES THAT STARTED THEMSELVES

A night watchman saw smoke coming out of the fourth-story window of a furniture factory where he was on duty. He rang the fire alarm and then ran upstairs. The varnish room was full of smoke. Flames were bursting out of the top of a large metal can into which the workmen had thrown sweepings and the rags that had been used in polishing the furniture. The watchman soon put out the fire with the water in the fire buckets, which were hanging ready for such an emergency.

When the firemen arrived, they said that the fire had started itself. The can had been left uncovered, and the rubbish and rags had caught fire from their own heat. The workmen knew how easily rags soaked in varnish and turpentine might start a fire. They had orders to keep the can covered, and to

take it out of the hot room at night; but they had been careless and had neglected to do so.

Not long after this happened fire broke out in a garage near by, and many valuable automobiles were destroyed. When the fire chief searched for the cause, he found that a lot of oily rags had been thrown into a corner. In the night when the garage was closed, they had burst into flame.

When things catch fire from the heat within themselves, the fire is said to be caused by *spontaneous combustion*. It is hard to believe that a fire could start itself, but such things do happen and might happen much oftener if it were not for our public servants. What can *you* do to prevent spontaneous combustion?

THE DANGER OF RATS AND MICE

Rats destroy millions of bushels of grain every year. They also destroy thousands of young chickens and wild birds that nest on the ground. They may cause sickness in our homes.

1. Have you ever heard of a fire that was started by rats and mice?

2. Why should matches be kept in metal boxes?

3. Why does our government spend large sums fighting rats?

4. Do you keep a cat or dog "policeman"?

5. How does the removal of rubbish keep rats and mice away?

6. Why is rubbish in even *one* cellar, only, dangerous for the entire city?

Rubbish, Ashes, and Safety

1. Why should ashes be kept in a metal holder? What is the danger in mixing ashes with rubbish? What danger is there in keeping rubbish around? How might it affect health?

2. How often do the ash and rubbish collectors come to your home? What kind of wagons or trucks do they use? Are they covered? Why should they be covered?

3. Suppose every family had to dispose of their own ashes and rubbish—what would they do? Why should all rubbish that is not collected by the rubbish collector be burned in a metal container?

4. *In Your Scrapbook*, at the top of a page print THE ASH AND RUBBISH COLLECTOR. What pictures shall you paste under the title? On another page write a story about the work of this Public Helper.

OTHER HELPERS

Among other helpers are: Justice of the Peace, Crossing Watchman, Forester, Constable, Game Warden.

1. Can you name others?

2. How does the forester help every man, woman, and child?

3. What kind of work does the game warden do? How does he help our wild animals?

4. There are the men who build roads, and those who repair the streets and keep the roads in good condition. Have you ever watched these men at work? How do the men who build roads and pavements help the farmers? the postman? the boys

and girls as they go to school or to the store? How do they help drivers who bring food and clothing to you?

5. *In Your Scrapbook*, at the top of several pages print OTHER HELPERS. Under this title paste pictures of the Public Helpers given on page 215. Beneath the pictures write a little story about the work that each does, telling why he is a helpful American citizen.

DOING OUR PART

GERMS OF DISEASE

The street cleaner, the rubbish collector, and the garbage man are doing their part to help us keep well. The city or town pays them for their work. We can see, therefore, that citizenship and health are closely related. A good citizen wants his community to be the best possible place to live in. He will fight disease by keeping his home and his surroundings clean.

Early people did not know that dirt brings disease. They knew that when their camps became unclean many of them became ill. They did not understand that cleanliness is the enemy of harmful germs that hide in dark, filthy corners. They did not know about the poisons which germs throw into the blood, causing illness or death.

Today we know a good deal about germs. We have learned that they do not like sunlight or fresh air, but that they do like dirt and dampness. They cling to rubbish and waste matter. They cling to



Swat every fly that you see

our hands. Flies carry them on their sticky feet. Mosquitoes carry the germs of malaria and other fevers, and put them into our blood when they bite us.

To keep well, we must not give germs a chance to hide. We must flood our houses with sunlight, ventilate them often by opening the windows to change the air completely, and clean all places where germs may hide and grow. Above all, we must try to get rid of flies and mosquitoes.

HOW TO FIGHT FLIES

Destroy the breeding places of flies. House flies lay their eggs in such places as manure piles and garbage. Keep manure covered. Keep the garbage pail covered. If it is impossible to cover garbage or

manure, sprinkle it with powdered borax and water. Keep everything clean and starve the flies to death.

Do not allow dirt to collect in your house. Look in the corners, behind the doors and furniture, under stairs and beds. Don't allow flies to enter your house. Screen all windows and doors. Cotton mosquito netting may be used, but wire screens are better. Take special care to keep flies away from sick people, especially those who are ill with typhoid fever or tuberculosis. Kill every fly that enters the sickroom. Why? Don't allow flies near food, especially milk. Why?

Make health posters with anti-fly slogans. Here are some ideas: Don't Forget: No Dirt—No Flies. "If you don't kill me, I may kill you," said the fly. Swat the Fly.

HOW TO FIGHT MOSQUITOES

If you have mosquitoes in your home, you may be sure that there is a mosquito breeding place very near. Perhaps it is in your own house or yard, or at least within your own block. Many places are overlooked because people do not know that any puddle of water, no matter how small, makes a fine breeding place for these midget murderers.

Any water left standing in clogged sinks, toilet fixtures, tin cans, water pitchers, buckets, tubs, aquariums without fish, or in anything which will hold a few spoonfuls of water may be used by the

mosquito as a place to lay eggs. If you neglect such things, the chances are that you will raise your own crop of mosquitoes.

Kill every mosquito that you see about your house. Every mosquito killed in the winter or spring will lessen by thousands the number of mosquitoes that will be hatched in the summer.

If it is necessary to have water standing in tanks or barrels, they should be closely covered with fine wire screens, or with a piece of cheesecloth.

If it is impossible to drain off standing water or to screen it, the surface should be covered with kerosene. Young mosquitoes, called *wrigglers* or *tumblers*, are hatched from eggs that the mother mosquito places in *standing* water. Although they are bred in water they must have air in order to live. Kerosene shuts off the air from the water. When the wrigglers rise to the surface to get air when they need it, what happens to them if the water is covered with kerosene? Yes, they drown—in the very water in which they have lived.

Only a small amount of kerosene is needed to cover a large surface. Two tablespoonfuls are sufficient to cover fifteen square feet of water.

Whoever uses kerosene must remember that it is dangerous because it catches fire easily. It should not be handled by children. Why? It should be kept in a metal can which is labeled "Kerosene" in large letters. Why?

Fresh kerosene should be put on the water once a week during the summer season.

REMEMBER

No Standing Water — No Breeding Places

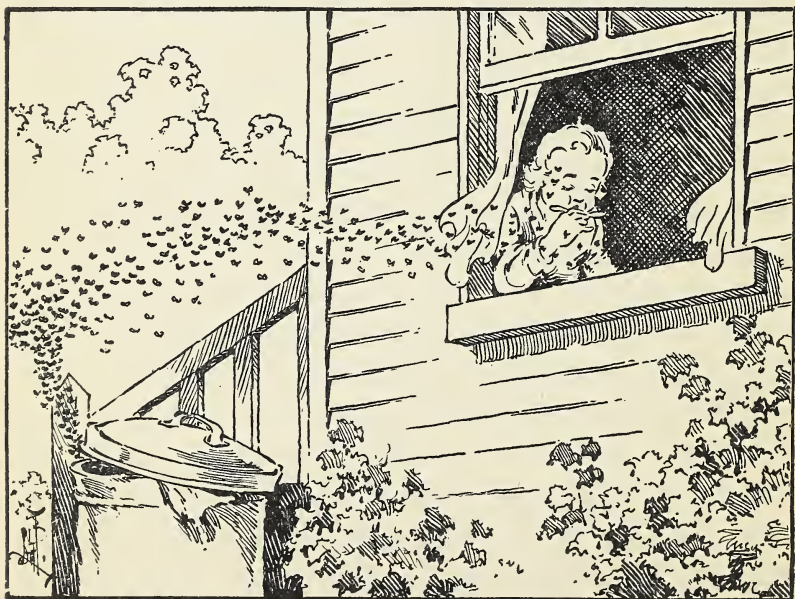
No Breeding Places — No Mosquitoes

Things to Do

1. Make a poster which will show why we should fight flies. On the poster, write a little poem entitled, "Why I Swat the Fly." Make a mosquito poster.

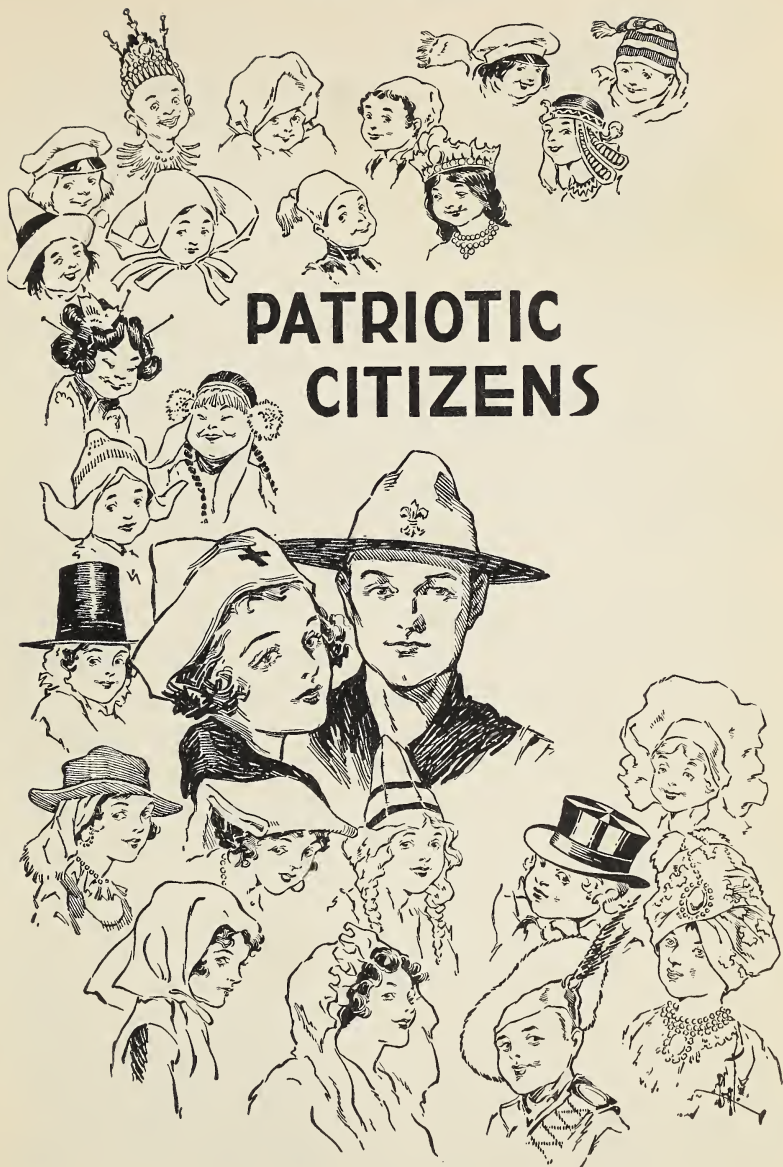
2. Can you make a fly swatter? What shall you use? Bring it to class. Vote for the best swatter.

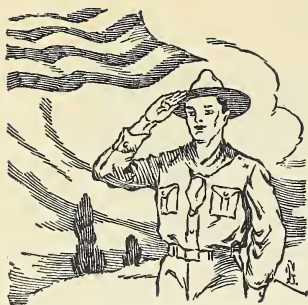
3. Report to your teacher any mosquito breeding places near your school. Talk with the class about what should be done to clean up the places.



This shows what happens if garbage cans are not covered

PART THREE





“Our flag means that the people rule.
They are free to do what they
think will be for the good of all.”



PATRIOTISM

WHAT PATRIOTISM MEANS

My Country. There is a rocky island away in the South Atlantic Ocean where a few people live. Their small houses are made of stone plastered with mud, for there are no trees on the island to supply logs or lumber. Few steamers come to that barren place. Twice a year the mail steamer stops to leave mail and supplies. It leaves few supplies, however, for the people have very little money.

Once when a great storm had destroyed all the crops on the island, the captain of the mail steamer offered to carry the people and their belongings to England, where they would have many more comforts.

What do you think they said? "No, thank you," they told the captain. "England would not be home to us. Our forefathers lived here. We have spent our lives here. This is *Our Country*. We prefer to live and die here rather than leave our native land."

Patriots. Those island people were true patriots. A patriot is a person who loves his country. He lives for his country and tries to serve it. Every child who has a fine record in citizenship is serving his country. He is an excellent citizen. He is a patriot. Why?

PATRIOTISM AND PEACE

When the good citizen is asked about war he says, "Why should there be war? Isn't there a

better way to settle a quarrel than by fighting? War brings death to many homes. It takes fathers and brothers and sisters from their families. However, if there is no better way to serve my country, I am willing to fight for it."

We hope that Americans will never need to take part in another war. We wish that war could be done away with for all countries.

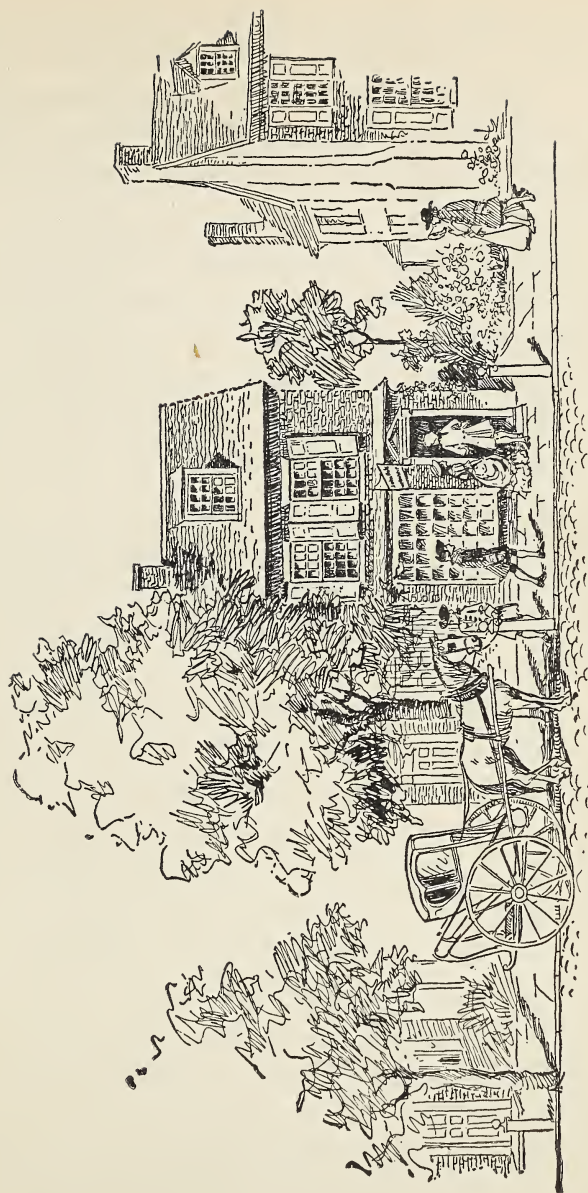
Liberty. Liberty means being free to do what you please, as long as you do what is right and do not harm others. American men, women, and children may go on with their work without fear of being stopped, unless they do wrong.

Americans have more freedom than the people of most other countries. American citizens who do no harm are free to go and come as they please, but in many countries this is not true.

Many thousands of people have come across the oceans to America because they want to be free. Many of these people would gladly lay down their lives to keep the liberty of America from being taken away. That makes them true patriots. Patriotism means "love of one's country."

BETSY ROSS MAKES A FLAG

Late in November, 1773, Betsy Griscom married John Ross. They went to live in the little house on Arch Street, Philadelphia, which is now known as "The Flag House." John Ross found his bride a helpful partner in this business. Their little shop



This is the Upholstery Shop of John and Betsy Ross

was often filled with furniture to be re-covered and repaired. When the Revolutionary War broke out in 1775, John Ross joined the army, leaving his shop in the care of his wife. Not long after, John Ross was killed in the war and Betsy Ross became a widow.

In the spring of 1777, General Washington visited Philadelphia to talk over the war with the many patriots gathered in that city. During his visit the General often could be seen talking with his friend Robert Morris, the well-known Quaker. The two men were greatly interested in the making of an American flag.

George Ross, an uncle of John Ross, told the General and his friend that he knew of only one woman who could help in such a problem—his niece, Betsy Ross.

Thus it came about that one morning the three gentlemen stood on the steps of Betsy Ross's shop. General Washington lost no time in telling their errand. He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper showing a rough design of a flag with thirteen stripes and thirteen stars. He asked Mrs. Ross if she could make the design in bunting cloth. She told him she was not sure but that she could try.

When she noticed that the stars on the design were six-pointed she said, "I think the stars should have five points."

The General agreed with her, but said he thought six-pointed stars could be made more easily. Betsy

Ross quickly folded a scrap of paper—then after a clip of her scissors held up a perfect five-pointed star. This settled the matter of the stars.

The flag was to have thirteen white stars in a blue union, arranged in a circle, and there were to be seven red stripes and six white stripes.

By the following day her fast-flying fingers had finished the sample of the Star Spangled Banner.

This is how John Ross's upholstery shop became Betsy Ross's flag shop, which is visited by thousands of people every year.

—EDWIN S. PARRY (Adapted)

How Well Do You Know the Story?

1. How many characters are needed to play this story?
2. Be able to take the part of one of the characters.
3. Write a story telling about the life of the people in Betsy Ross's day.
4. Make a list of the places in Philadelphia that you hope to visit.
5. Draw a picture of the Betsy Ross flag. Why did it have thirteen stars?
6. Draw a picture of the American flag that floats over your school building. How many stars are in the union?

RESPECT FOR THE FLAG

RESPECT FOR THE NATIONAL COLORS

There is no printing on the American Flag, yet everyone knows what it means just as surely as if there were letters all over it: red is for valor (bravery), white is for purity (clean thoughts), blue is for justice and liberty.

Loyal Americans salute the flag whenever it is passing on parade. They always stand at attention with hats off when the national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," is being played.

When the flag is hung against a wall or in decoration so that it can be seen from one side only, the blue field should be at the upper left corner as one faces it. If flown from a staff, the flag should not be hoisted before sunrise, nor be allowed to remain up after sunset.

You have sometimes seen the flag flown at half-staff, or part way down the staff. The flag at half-staff is a sign of mourning. It is flown in this position at the death of some important person, such as the governor of a state or the mayor of a city. On Memorial Day, May 30, the flag is flown at half-staff from sunrise until noon in memory of the soldiers who have died in the wars, and at full staff from noon until sunset. In placing the flag at half-staff, it should first be raised to the peak of the staff and then lowered to the half-staff position. It should again be run to the peak of the staff before being taken down at sunset.

The flag must be treated respectfully at all times. It must not be written on or printed on or used for advertising purposes. When being raised or lowered, it should not be allowed to touch the ground or trail in water. It must not be stepped on or trodden underfoot. A flag that is so worn that it can no longer be used should be put into the fire and burned.

Showing Respect

1. Why should you salute the flag?
2. Why should men and boys remove their hats when the flag is passing?
3. What should you do when "The Star Spangled Banner" is sung?
4. What is the meaning of the flag flying at half-staff?

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

When the British were at war with the United States in 1814, Francis Scott Key was a young lawyer in the District of Columbia. A friend of his was arrested by the British and held prisoner aboard a warship in Chesapeake Bay. This warship was one of the fleet that was preparing to bombard Fort McHenry which guarded the city of Baltimore. The British ships could not enter Baltimore Harbor and attack the city as long as the Americans were able to keep the Stars and Stripes flying above the walls of Fort McHenry.

Key went aboard the warship under a flag of truce to try to get his friend set free. The British officers agreed to release the friend, but they would not allow Key to leave the vessel for fear that he would reveal their war plans to the Americans.

The attack on the fort began on Tuesday, September 13. It kept on all day and through the night. The enemy guns pounded away with heavy shot and shell. The defenders of the fort were few and their guns were small. Could they hold out? It seemed impossible. Key walked the deck all night long in

fear that the fort would be destroyed. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of the flag by the flash of the guns—then the darkness hid it from view. Even at daylight the smoke and haze were so thick that he could see nothing. Then suddenly at seven o'clock the sun broke through the mist and he saw that "our flag was still there."

Thrilled by the sight, Key took a pencil from his pocket. Hastily he wrote on the back of an old letter the first part of the patriotic song:

"O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?"

The British gave up trying to capture the fort and the city, and released Key during the day. That night he finished the poem in Baltimore. The next morning it was printed on handbills and became popular at once. Before long the people were singing it from one end of the country to the other.

"The Star Spangled Banner" is now played each evening at flag lowering in every fort, army post, and navy yard, and on every American battleship at home and abroad. When all is ready, the men are drawn up at attention, the signal is given, the men salute, and the bands play as the flag slowly comes down.

There is one place, however, where the flag is never lowered, either at sunset or at any other time. It watches over the spot in Mount Olivet Cemetery,

Frederick, Maryland, where Francis Scott Key is buried. Uncle Sam honors the memory of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner" by keeping the flag flying night and day over his grave.

SHIPS AND SAILORS AND FLAGS

Jack Daring's uncle is a sea captain who has lived on a ship most of his life. Last summer, while he was on leave from his ship, he came to Jack's home for a short visit. Of course the boy had a lot of questions to ask.

"How do the sailors on the ships you pass know that your ship belongs to the United States?" was one question. "I mean, before they get near enough to see you," he added.

"By the flag," his uncle told him. "Every ship flies the flag of its own country at the masthead when going into battle. In times of peace it is flown at the stern of the ship, except when a ship is dressed for receptions in port. Ships seldom come within easy speaking distance, so flags are used to send signals and messages. In this way one ship 'speaks to another'—by means of signal flags."

"How do you know what the flags mean?" asked Jack.

"There are twenty-seven flags in the signal code," replied his uncle. "One is for hailing the ship you wish to speak to, and the other twenty-six are one for each of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet. With these twenty-seven flags any question can be asked and answered."

"Aren't messages sent by radio now?" said Jack.

"They are, especially when the ships are at a great distance; but when they are within sight of each other the signal flags are still used."

"It must be fun to run up the signal flags," said Jack.

"It is a pretty sight," said the captain.

"How do you signal at night, Uncle?"

"Flashes, my boy, long and short flashes. That reminds me—one night when we were passing Newfoundland, our lookout saw a dim light flashing on and off in the darkness. He counted—three short flashes, three long, three short. It was SOS, the distress signal. Someone was in danger out there on the water. We turned on our searchlight at once and headed for the signal. We found some half-drowned fishermen in an open boat and rescued them. Their fishing smack had been wrecked in a storm. They were signaling with a lantern."

"Suppose a ship refuses to answer the SOS signal?"

The captain shook his head. "I never knew one to refuse. It is the first rule of the sea for the ships of all nations to answer the call of distress," he said.

Our Ships and Our Sailors

1. Our ships go all over the world. They carry people, food, clothing, radios, automobiles, letters. Write the names of ten more articles.

2. What can we do to help our sailors? We can save magazines and books to be sent to them.

I AM AN AMERICAN

This is what a pupil thinks about being an American.

I am proud that I am an American.

I was born in the United States of America, but my father and mother were born in a country across the ocean.

They were very glad to leave the land of their birth and come to this free American country.

When I look at the American flag floating over our schoolhouse in the breeze, I think of this freedom.

Our flag means that the people rule. They are free to do what they think will be for the good of all. They make the laws. In many countries just a few people, dictators, kings or queens, and their friends, make the laws.

It is because America is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave that I am going to try to be one of the best American citizens in the United States.

—IVAN MYERWISKI

Free Americans

1. What does *native* mean?
2. What is the difference between a monarch and a president?
3. Why do we say Americans are free?
4. Give five reasons for being glad that you are an American.
5. Why do you think our American flag should float over our public schools?
6. A patriot is one who loves his country. Do you think that Ivan is a patriot?

WORLD NEIGHBORS

UNDERSTANDING OTHER PEOPLE

THOUGHTS MAY BE ALIKE

There are many kinds of people in the world. We cannot understand people who speak differently from us unless we understand their language. We call people who live in other countries *foreign* people. They seem strange to us because we do not know their language, but they may have very much the same thoughts as we have. They all know what love is and what hate is.

The Chinese people live thousands of miles away, on the other side of the earth, yet they think just as we do about many things. For instance, a Chinese child may have the same idea of a faithful person as an American child, as you can readily see in this story.

A little Chinese boy who lived in America was asked by his teacher what the word *faithful* means to his people.


"One who stands by his word," replied little Wu.


"One who stands by his word," repeated his teacher. "Yes, a faithful person keeps a promise."


"Shall I show?" asked little Wu, pointing to the blackboard.

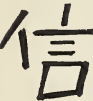
"Please show us," his teacher said. "All the children will like to see you write."

Picking up a piece of crayon, Wu wrote these Chinese letters:

 "This," he told them, "means a person's mouth."

 "This means the sounds coming out of a person's mouth. It means *words*."

 "This means *man*. It shows his head and two legs."

 "This is a picture of a man standing by the words of his mouth."

WHO ARE FOREIGNERS

Foreign means "belonging to another country." Were your parents or grandparents born in another country? Were they foreigners? The fact is that all of us are descendants of immigrants—all except the American Indians. An *immigrant* is one who *moves into* another country. The ancestors of some of us came to America from England. Some came from Scotland, some, from Ireland, and some came from other parts of Europe or Asia.

Write a list of the last names of the pupils in your class and see whether you can guess rightly from what country their ancestors came. Here is a helpful hint. If the name ends in t-o-n, you may be quite certain that the country is England. *Washington* is an example. If there is an M-a-c or M-c beginning the name, you may be pretty sure that Scotland or Ireland is the country. If the name ends in s-o-n or s-e-n, it is likely to be Swedish or Norwegian.

You will soon see that all Americans are really the descendants of people who have come across the wide oceans to make their homes in our land. It may surprise you to learn that many foreigners appreciate the freedom of their new homeland better than some native-born Americans. Can you tell why?

It is very unkind to make fun of foreign people, to laugh at their strange ways, or to call them names. If we were in their country, we would be *foreigners*, and we should not enjoy being treated rudely.

Perhaps you have thought that the Dutch children in pictures looked strange with their caps and bonnets and wooden shoes. Perhaps they think that pictures of American children look strange. Some boys and girls were talking about this one day.

"I wish we could find out what Dutch children think of us," said one.

"How could we?" another asked.

"You might write a letter," said their teacher.

This is a copy of the letter that they mailed:

Dear School Friends in Holland:

We have been reading some stories about your country. We wonder what Dutch children study in school. When you answer will you please tell us?

Do you read about American school children? There are over thirty million of us. How many are there in your country? We have heard that you all know how to swim. Is that true? We are going to learn when we get a chance.

We know that your country sends us many tulip bulbs. Our grade is going to buy some to plant in our school grounds. We had Edam cheese for lunch today. It was very good. Perhaps some of your own cows gave the milk to make it.

We are sending you a picture of the Statue of Liberty which stands in New York Harbor. The statue was given to us by the French people, who are your neighbors.

With loving wishes for your happiness, we are

Your American Friends,

The Pupils of the
Washington Lane School

THE OTHER BOY OR ME

I thought that foreign children
Lived far across the sea,
Until I got a letter
From a boy in Italy.

“Dear Little Foreign Friend,” it said
As plainly as could be—
Now I wonder which is “foreign,”
The other boy, or me?

—ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

Our Neighbors Across the Sea

1. What do we call people who are not born in our country? Do you think it is possible for people who do not speak the same language ever to understand one another? Give the reason for your answer. Write a

letter to little Wu telling him what else a faithful person does besides keeping his word.

2. Why do we call the people of foreign countries our World Neighbors? Write a short story telling how a good neighbor treats his neighbors.

3. Would you like to write a letter to school children across the ocean? Write to The Junior Red Cross Magazine, Washington, D. C., for a list of addresses? Be sure to enclose a stamp. Why?

THE RED CROSS

HOW RED CROSS SOCIETIES CAME TO BE

THE EUROPEAN RED CROSS

When war broke out between England and Russia, in 1853, there were no Red Cross nurses such as we have today. The wounded soldiers suffered terribly. Florence Nightingale, a young English nurse, determined to help them. Taking a band of nurses with her, she went to the scene of the war in Russia.

When the nurses arrived, they found thousands of sick and wounded men lying on the floors of the hospitals with no one to care for them. Day and night for many long months, until the end of the war, the nurses worked to relieve the suffering.

The story of Florence Nightingale and her brave band spread far and wide. It touched the hearts of people everywhere and made them think about what could be done to help the sick and wounded in future wars. Because of such thinking, the Red Cross Society was formed.

Among those who heard the story of Florence Nightingale and her brave nurses was Henri Dunánt, a kind-hearted Swiss gentleman.

He remembered it several years afterward, in 1859. He was present at a terrible battle between the soldiers of Austria and those of France and Sardinia. He saw thousands of wounded soldiers dying without help.

In a book which he wrote about their sufferings he asked this question. "Could not the people of all countries join in caring for the sick and wounded during war?"

And from his thought came the great Red Cross. That work began in Europe before there was an American Red Cross Society.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

You will be happy to know that an American woman, Clara Barton, did for the American soldiers just what Florence Ningtingale had done for the English soldiers.

Clara Barton was a school teacher. When the terrible Civil War broke out in 1860, she was in the city of Washington. After every battle, tales came in of wounded soldiers lying helpless on the battlefield. The thought of their sufferings touched Miss Barton's heart.

At first she thought, "Oh, if I could only go to nurse them!" Then she said, "I will go!"

Clara Barton began her work as an army nurse.

During the four long years of the war, she did everything that she could for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers.

After the war was over, she went across the ocean to Switzerland for her health. The story of Miss Barton's great work had reached Switzerland before she left home.

While she was in Geneva, some members of the European Red Cross called on her. They talked with her about Henri Dunánt and Florence Nightingale, and about the relief work done in our own Civil War.

They told her that they had formed a society called the *Red Cross*. The work of the Red Cross was to care for wounded soldiers. They said that the members of the Red Cross wore a certain badge, a red cross on a white ground. On the battlefield, persons wearing this badge were allowed to give help to the wounded soldiers.

They said that twenty-two different countries in Europe had joined in this work, and they asked Miss Barton if she would try to get the United States to form a Red Cross Society. Miss Barton was very glad to learn about the Red Cross and promised to do all that she could.

When she came back from Europe, Miss Barton kept her promise and tried to interest the American people in the Red Cross. But many years of weary waiting and hard trying passed before anything was done.

At last, in 1882, President Arthur signed the Red Cross Treaty and enrolled the United States with the other nations under the Red Cross banner.

This is the story of how the American Red Cross came to be.

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

THE RED CROSS IN TIME OF WAR

In time of war, the work of the Red Cross is to care for and to nurse the wounded among the soldiers and sailors of their own country, as well as the wounded of the enemy who fall into their hands. They also try to care for the families of soldiers and sailors who have given their lives in the service of their country.

Everybody loses in war; precious lives are lost, great sums of money are lost, the friendship people have for one another is lost, and nobody gains anything to make up for these losses. People who have serious quarrels go before magistrates to settle their troubles. Maybe when you are men and women, nations will settle their disputes in a world court. Then the Red Cross will not need to spend time trying to mend men who have been torn and wounded in battles, but can give all its attention to the victims of fires, famine, and flood.

We hope that wars will be done away with some day. When people begin to believe that war never is the right way to settle a quarrel, wars will cease and world-wide peace will come.

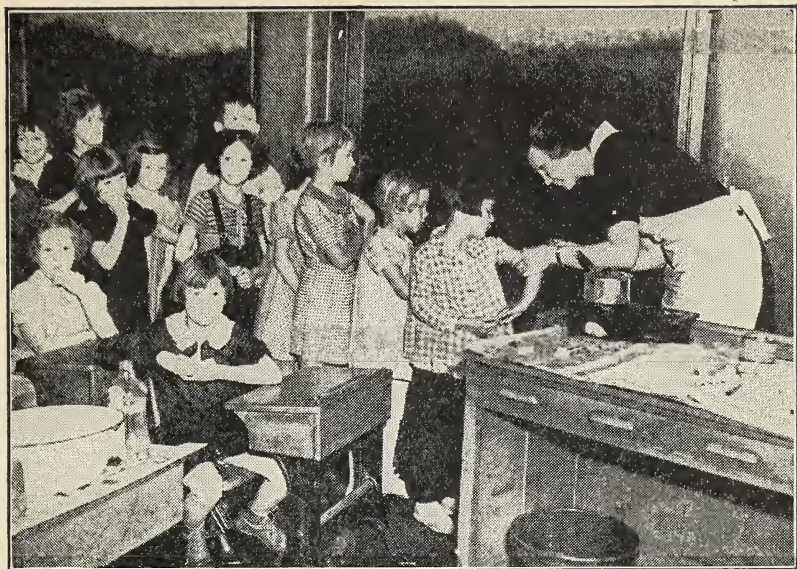
THE RED CROSS IN TIME OF PEACE

On the first of September, 1923, Japan was visited by perhaps its greatest earthquake. Large parts of the cities, especially of Tokyo and Yokohama, were destroyed. Thousands of people lost their lives, chiefly because of the fire after the earthquake. Most of those who did not lose their lives were made homeless.

When the American Red Cross heard of this, they sent the Japanese a message of sympathy and asked whether they could be of service. Their offer met with a warm welcome; and the President of the United States, at the request of the Red Cross, asked for help to the amount of \$5,000,000. Instead of \$5,000,000 the people of the United States sent over \$11,000,000 to the Red Cross to be used in Japan.

The Japanese never forgot this. Several years later four Japanese young women were sent to the United States to show their country's gratitude. Dressed in the costumes of their native land they were welcomed by Judge John Barton Payne, who was then head of the American Red Cross. This is part of his speech of welcome:

"When I reached Japan in 1926; I was met in Tokyo by 10,000 children. In Yokohama, by almost as many. In the small cities throughout the country, by many—all had come to express the same thought and the same feeling which these young ladies are here today to express. We extend to them our warm welcome and assure them that they have



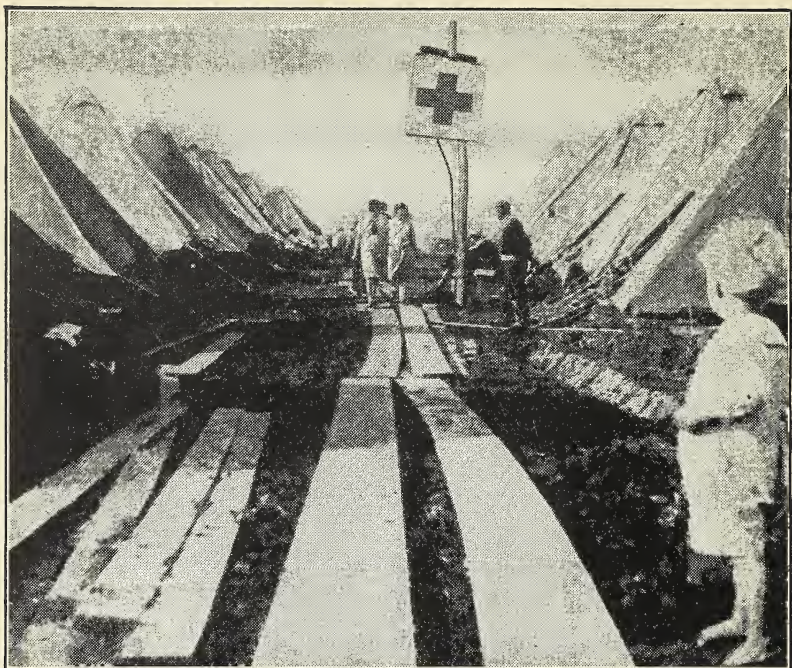
Children being inoculated against disease

a place in our hearts. We welcome them because of the appreciation and love which their people show toward us in sending them.”

If the Red Cross could be made into one picture it would be a picture of the good neighbor. The good neighbor takes what is needed to a neighbor who is hurt or sick or in need; and stays to do what he can for the sufferer. Is that the kind of picture you have in your mind of the Red Cross?

The Deeds of the Red Cross

1. What golden deeds does the Red Cross do in time of peace? How do people suffer in time of peace?
2. Can you tell about what happens during a flood?



Red Cross camp in flooded section

What work did the Red Cross do in the Ohio River floods of 1937?

3. How does the Red Cross help the people whose homes have been destroyed by fire? Can you tell about San Francisco in 1906?

THE JUNIOR RED CROSS

The American Red Cross Society was thirty-five years old before people began to think that younger citizens, the boys and girls, ought to have a share in its great work.

In September, 1917, President Wilson sent a letter

from the White House in Washington to the school children of the United States, telling them that he would like to have them all join the Junior Red Cross.

This letter meant that the thirty million school children of the United States would not have to wait to grow up before doing actual Red Cross work. They would be able to begin right away. So it came about that the children helped in the great work that the Red Cross was doing in the World War.

They made bandages and splints and clothing for the wounded soldiers and sailors. The girls knitted sweaters and mufflers and mittens. The boys made stretcher poles, knitting needles, packing cases, and many other useful articles in their manual training classes.

All the children began to save food. Many did without some foods of which they were very fond, in order to save them for the army.

They helped by sending to the Red Cross what they made and what they saved, to be used in the work of the Red Cross.

When the Junior Red Cross was one year old, 8,000,000 children had become members.

Fifty thousand garments for refugees had been made by the members in the first six months of its existence.

During all the years since the war ended, the children of the Junior Red Cross have done helpful

things for people. They have made Christmas boxes for children at home and overseas; they have given money to help in the making of Braille books for blind people, and for buying food and clothing for needy boys and girls.

Many Junior Red Cross children are writing letters to school children of their own age in foreign lands, and in other parts of their own country. In these letters the children tell about their games and studies. Sometimes they inclose pictures of their school and their community. One school sent an exhibit of its manual training work to a school in Japan. The Japanese school sent an exhibit of dolls to the American children in return. The letters which the Juniors write are answered. In this way children living thousands of miles apart learn much that is interesting about one another.

The Junior Red Cross now has children from forty-six countries enrolled as members and claims a total membership of more than 10,000,000.

Juniors Working for the Red Cross

1. Do you think that every child in the United States should belong to the Junior Red Cross? How can a child join?

2. What kind of men and women will children grow to be if they try to do the things that the Red Cross asks them to do?

3. How can children help to do away with wars?

4. Ask your teacher to tell you what the Red Cross Society wishes boys and girls to do this year.

A FLAG FOR EACH NATION

When we see our flag flying with its bright colors of red, white, and blue, we think it is the most beautiful flag in the world because it is ours and because we love it.

The children of other lands love their flags, too. Perhaps there are children in your class who were born in Italy, France, Japan, or some other country. Fly a flag for each nation. Place the American flag in the center, a little higher than the rest, because it is the flag that everyone living in our country should love most.

THE RED CROSS FLAG

When we say we love the American flag, we mean that we love what it stands for. We mean that we love our people and the land in which we live. But there is a flag which means that we love all people who need us as good neighbors, no matter where they live, no matter who they are. It is the Red Cross flag. Some day it will fly in every country of the world to show that all people have learned to be Good Neighbors.

The Red Cross flag is the second flag of American citizens. Do you know how many members the American Red Cross would have if every American citizen were a member?

One of the best ways to show how much you love your country and your World Neighbors is to join the Red Cross.

A REVIEW

1. *Finding the right persons.* Across the top of your paper write: Courage, Self-Control, Perseverance, Thrift, Kindness to Animals, Safety. If all these words will not fit the page, use the other side of your paper. Now write the name of the person about whom you have read in this book under the word that best describes that person; for example, under *Courage* you could write *Lindbergh*. Can you add other names? How many can you remember? "Skim" through *Part One: Everyday Habits of the Useful Citizen*, if you need help.

2. *A true and false test.* Letter your paper from *a* to *i*. After each letter write *true* or *false* for each of the following sentences:

- a) The best way to hunt a lion is with a camera.
- b) Lindbergh was prepared.
- c) Cher Ami was an army mule.
- d) The boy who kept the gates could be trusted.
- e) Lawrence Trimble was impatient with Sey Yes.
- f) Sir Roland rode to battle with the giants.
- g) The golden fortune was silver and diamonds.
- h) Helen Keller cannot see or hear.
- i) Almost all birds are our enemies.

3. *Write your answers.* Choose any *one* of the sentences below and write answers to *How?* *When?* *Where?* *Why?*

The useful citizen shows courage.

The useful citizen shows self-control.

The useful citizen shows perseverance.

The useful citizen is thrifty.

The useful citizen is kind to animals.

The useful citizen obeys the laws of safety.

4. *Form a Good Citizens' Club.* What story in this book will help you? How are officers elected? What

rules will you have to help the class? What is a *constitution*? What shall the club do? How shall the meeting be conducted? What committees will you appoint? What should the real purpose of the club be?

5. *What should you do?*

- a) Your spelling paper is marked *correct*. You see that two words are wrong.
- b) The Bible is being read in assembly. Fire engines, with sirens and bells sounding, speed by the school.
- c) You have lost your way in the woods. It is dark.
- d) It is a warm day. You have homework to do.
- e) You receive one dollar as a gift from your uncle.
(Tell at least three things.)
- f) You find a stray cat.
- g) The school fire gong sounds an alarm.
- h) You are at a corner. The traffic light is red.
- i) You are at a busy corner. There is no policeman.

6. *Building a bird house.* What part of this book will help you? First, draw a plan of the bird house you will build. Give the size in inches. What materials will you need? What tools? Who will help you? Where will you place it when finished? Will you need food for the birds? What food?

7. *Write a play about Everyday Public Helpers.* What part of this book will help you? You can have at least six characters: the policeman, the fireman, the postman, the street cleaner, the garbage collector, and the ash and rubbish collector. Each one of these helpers can tell what he does each day. Perhaps six pupils, each acting as a helper, can write that part of the play. It would be interesting if the six pupils dressed for their parts, each one to look exactly like the helper he represents. What big idea should this play have?

BOOKS TO READ

- Land of Fair Play.* G. Parsons
Lion: African Adventure with the King of Beasts. Martin Johnson
Historic Boyhoods. R. S. Holland
Famous Leaders of Character. E. Weldman and H. F. Manchester
Boys' Book of Airmen, Boys' Book of Policemen. I. Crump
How They Carried the Mail. J. W. McSpadden
Fire Engine Book. W. C. Pryor
How We Travel. J. Chamberlain
Community Hygiene. W. Hutchinson
Community Health. C. E. Turner and G. B. Collins
Travelers and Traveling. E. M. Tappan
The White Pony in the Hills. A. B. Greene
Horsemanship for Boys and Girls. M. F. McTaggart
Burgess' Bird Book for Children. T. W. Burgess
Birds Worth Knowing. N. B. D. Doubleday
Bird Houses Boys Can Build. A. F. Siepert
Good Friends. M. W. Bianco
In My Zoo. P. Eipper
Nip and Tuck. G. M. Dyatt
Our Humble Helpers. J. H. Fabre
Our Animal Friends and Foes, Money. W. A. Du Puy
All About Pets. M. W. Bianco
Pets and How to Care for Them. L. S. Crandall
Boys of the Ages. L. W. L. Scales
Story of Money. M. D. Carter
Patriotic Plays for Young People. V. Olcott
Healthy Growing. J. G. Fowlkes
Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore. Ernest Thompson-Seton
Stories of Birds. L. Mulets
Alexander and Some Other Cats. S. J. Eddy
Love Me, Love My Dog. C. Verhoeff
Boys' Book of Dogs. R. H. Barbour
Stories of Little Animals; Stories of Big Animals. L. Mulets
Trail Makers. Zoe Meyer
Animal Pals. Wager-Smith
Safety First for Little Folks. L. M. Waldo
Our Patriots. W. F. Gordy
Good Stories for Great Holidays. F. J. Olcott
Old Glory. G. A. Ross
Boy Scouts of America. Handbook
Girl Scouts. Handbook
Flags. G. Humphrey



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Berman, Samuel, 1896- COMPACT STORAGE
The young American civic
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